The Nation

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Summary of the News

What may be termed "secondary" notes have passed to and fro in abundance between this country and other Powers during the past week. Concerning the main issue between the United States and Germany there is, however, nothing definite to report. Indeed, it is freely suggested that Germany will solve the difficulty, so far as she is concerned, by not replying to the last American note on the subject of the sacrifice of the lives of American citizens through the submarine warfare.

So far as other notes and queries addressed to Germany are concerned, there is little to record, beyond the bare facts of their dispatch. A note of inquiry in regard to the attack by a German submarine on the British steamer Orduna was presented by the American Ambassador to the Foreign Office in Berlin on July 27. On Monday the reply of the German Government to the last American note on the sinking of the sailing ship William P. Frye by the Prinz Eitel Friedrich was received by the State Department. Dispatches from Washington state that the note reiterates the former contention of Germany that the destruction of the vessel was justified under the treaty of 1828, provided that Germany is willing to pay compensation. Representations in regard to the sinking of the American steamship Leelanaw, which, as we noted last week, would appear to have been a similar case to that of the Frye, were, it is understood, made to the German Government at the end of last week.

The receipt of two supplementary notes from Great Britain was announced by the State Department on Monday. Of these, the one amplifying that which was received on July 26, but was not published by request of Sir Edward Grey until the arrival of the present communication, covers the *caveat* of the United States, in which the rights of this Government and of its citizens in connection with all prize-court matters in Great Britain were expressly reserved; the other explains the action of the British Government in detaining the Neches, a vessel carrying goods from Rotterdam to the United States, some of which are alleged by the British Government to have been of German origin. As the full text of these notes was not published until yesterday, we shall withhold comment on them until next week.

German submarines have had an exceptionally successful time during the past few days, having sunk twenty fishing vessels and thirteen other ships. The fishing vessels were all British. In attacking the others submarine commanders displayed a fine impartiality towards flags, belligerent or neutral. Four Danish ships were sunk, two Norwegian, two Swedish, one Belgian, and four British. The only vessel destroyed that has a direct interest for this country was the Leyland liner Iberian, on which three American citizens were killed. The case, however, is likely to present no international difficulties, since, on the evidence before us, it would seem probable that the Iberian was summoned to stop and was only shelled by the submarine when the captain disregarded the order. It was in the course of this shelling that the Americans were killed. On the captain stopping his vessel, the crew was ordered off, and the ship was then torpedoed. The affair is interesting as affording another illustration of the contention made in the last American note that it is perfectly possible for commanders of submarines to observe the rules of warfare, the only difference between a cruiser and a submarine as commerce destroyers being, apparently, that the task of the submarine is slightly more difficult, since the pursued vessel has a better chance of escape.

Undeterred by the unfavorable reception in neutral countries hitherto accorded to "facts" concerning Belgium's misdeeds, the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* began, on July 29, according to dispatches from Berlin of that date, the threatened publication of the series of documents purporting to be secret Belgian diplomatic reports found in Brussels by the Germans and describing international political events from the time of the Moroccan crisis until the beginning of the present war.

The reported agreement between Turkey and Bulgaria, which we recorded last week, has not been confirmed; indeed, it is explicitly denied by the Cologne *Gazette* that any agreement has yet been reached, while the Bulgarian Premier, M. Radoslavoff, as reported in a dispatch from Budapest to the London *Morning Post,* dated August 2, frankly admits that Bulgaria is negotiating simultaneously with two groups of Powers, and declares that these negotiations are "proceeding quite satisfactorily." Greek newspapers, according to dispatches from Athens, in commenting on the reported Turko-Bulgarian *entente* are unanimous in declaring that, if Bulgaria should attack Servia, Greece would consider herself in honor bound, in accordance with the Greco-Servian treaty, to go to the assistance of the latter country.

An important announcement in regard to Mexico was given out by the State Department on Monday night. An "informal conference" is to take place at the State Department to-day, at which will be present the Ambassadors from Brazil, Argentina, and Chili, as well as the three ranking Ministers of the American republics, namely, those of Bolivia, Uruguay, and Guatemala. No details as to the nature of the proposals to be put forward are given, but dispatches from Washington last week professed to be informed that the main feature of the contemplated plan would be the recognition by the United States as Provisional President of that member of the Madero Cabinet who is entitled to the office under the law of Presidential succession. From Mexico itself there comes little that is new, except that on Saturday of last week the capital again fell into the hands of the Carranzista forces under Gen. Gonzales.

The Coroner's jury that inquired into the disaster to the excursion steamer Eastland at Chicago on July 28 returned a verdict placing the blame for the loss of life on six persons: the general manager of the company that owned the vessel, the captain, the engineer, two Federal inspectors of steamships, and the general manager of the Indiana Transportation Company, the lessee of the Eastland. An inquiry, which has aroused a good deal of acrimony, is also being conducted by Secretary of Commerce Redfield.

Charles Becker, the ex-police lieutenant of New York, who was twice convicted of having instigated the murder of the gambler Rosenthal, was finally executed in Sing Sing prison on July 30. The incident was attended by the usual debauch of lurid sensationalism on the part of a section of the daily press.

An interesting item of news was obscurely recorded in the papers of July 28. On the preceding day the first direct wireless communication was established between the United States and Japan, when messages were exchanged between the vice-president of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America and the Director-General of the Ministry of Communications at Tokio.

The French Chamber of Deputies, on July 29, raised the limit of the issue of defence bonds to 7,000,000,000 francs. Dispatches of the same date stated that the reports of the Budget Committee on Supplementary Military and Naval Credits showed that the cost of the first five months of the war to France was 6,403,000,000 francs.

Something like a Cabinet crisis was caused in Japan by the resignation, on July 29, of Viscount Kanetake Oura, Minister of the Interior, following an investigation by the Ministry of Justice into charges of bribery resulting from the Parliamentary elections last March. Viscount Oura's resignation was sanctioned by the Emperor, and Viscount Okuma, believing that he should hold himself responsible for the acts of members of his Cabinet, also offered his resignation, which was followed by those of the whole Cabinet. As we write, it is believed that the resignations are not likely to be accepted, as a change in the Cabinet would be unpopular at the present moment.

The revolution in Hayti resulted, on July 28, in the assassination by a mob of the President, Vilbrun Guillaume, who was dragged from the French Embassy, where he had taken refuge, and shot in front of the building. Admiral Caperton, on the same night, landed a force at Port-au-Prince to protect property and lives and prevent the further spread of rioting. Some resistance was opposed to the landing, and after it was effected two American bluejackets were killed by snipers. There have, too, been some casualties among the Haytians. French marines have also been landed, with the approval of the American Government, for the protection of the French Legation. Order has been restored, but the Haytian Congress, though guaranteed protection for its deliberations, has not so far taken any steps to elect a successor to the murdered President.

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The Week

Secretary Lansing made a quiet announcement on Monday which is yet of the highest significance. The Mexican nettle is to be grasped firmly, but not by the hand of the United States alone. South and Central America are to help. The Ambassadors from Brazil, Argentina, and Chili—undoubtedly with the consent and authorization of their Governments—are to confer with our Department of State, and in addition the Ministers from Uruguay, Bolivia, and Guatemala will be present. And the express object is to "consider the Mexican situation." This can mean only one thing. It is a revival, with a difference, of the scheme of last year to utilize the friendly coöperation of South American diplomacy in solving the immensely difficult Mexican problem. Then it was a question of preventing war between Mexico and the United States. Now it is a question of bringing about peace and order, with some approximation to a settled government, in a sister-republic which has been torn and ravaged by internal strife for four years.

This renewed and extended effort to make the solidarity of the American nations useful is one proof more of the resourcefulness of President Wilson. His calling in the A B C Powers again is not a confession of weakness, much less an act of cowardice. Of course, the United States is strong enough to go about the business alone. It is not physical support that the President is seeking, but moral. With large foresight, he is directing his policy to the end not merely of meeting the immediate need in Mexico, but of doing it in a way to make the path of statesmanship in the future plainer and easier. Working for the restoration of security in Mexico, he is also endeavoring to provide against the suspicions and jealousies which a rough intervention in Mexico by this country, acting independently, would be sure to arouse throughout all South America. The aid previously accepted by the United States from republics to the South, in our critical relations with Mexico, made a deep and excellent impression all the way from Panama to Patagonia. Old fears and prejudices were swept away in a day, and a feeling of new confidence and friendship created. It was seen that President Wilson had transformed Pan-Americanism from a word, a flourish, into a real thing. This great advantage it is evident that he now desires to retain and to enlarge. If there is to be any intervention in Mexico at all, it will be joint. In case it falls to the United States to take the leading part, and possibly to apply the strongest pressure, we shall all the time be acting under the mandate and with the cordial approval of the other American republics.

When Wall Street and the speculating public get into the frame of mind which has lately been exhibited on the Stock Exchange, warnings are apt to be thrown away. As every one familiar with past speculative manias is aware, the fact that one stock has risen from 46 to 275 in the space of a few months (advancing 100 points since July began) and that another has risen from 18 to 83 in eleven weeks, does not operate as an argument for increased caution at the higher prices, but rather as a stimulus for an even greater rise. The problem ceases to be one of intrinsic values, and becomes one largely of psychology. We fear it is equally futile to attempt, as has been suggested, to solve the whole question by the happy thought of "maximum prices," to be arbitrarily imposed by the authorities of the Stock Exchange. The Stock Exchange can certainly take restrictive measures if it discovers fictitious trading, where one party is at once both buyer and seller, and it can arbitrarily stop a "corner," in which one group of operators has accumulated all of a given stock, and is itself bidding up the price when no one else can sell. But when an infatuated public chooses to bid against itself at an extravagant advance, using its own money or credit for the purpose, it is a little difficult to see how even the imagined "State control" could fix the limit.

There is no mystery as to the origin of this excited speculation, and there is not much doubt as to how it will end. The imagination of the speculative public has been inflamed by the highly sensational estimates of the value of the "war orders" placed with the various manufacturing concerns by European Governments. The figures named are so large as to serve for the wildest sort of estimates on probable net profits—always supposing the ordinary qualifications of business common-sense are to be ignored. In the public's present mood, they are inevitably ignored. Such considerations as the duplication of figures through "subletting" contracts which one contractor cannot execute; as the proved exaggeration in figures already published; as the offsetting influence of strikes, or rejection of output not up to specification; as the certainty that two or three years will be required to complete the larger orders, and that the European war may in the meantime suddenly end—these considerations will have a large place in after-thoughts. But as the speculator sees the facts at present, the stocks are to go on advancing, merely because they have advanced so far already. Every one of the least experience knows what happens in the aftermath of a market built up on such a basis. Perhaps the present speculation is peculiar in this regard—that it has reached its climax of enthusiasm at the very moment when a sudden turn in events of the most disturbing character, in the field of international politics, is at least a constant possibility.

Scruples about espionage, when you have once gone in for it, seem almost like fastidiousness in burglary. The German spy-system has been elaborately organized for years past—it is called, as in all armies, the "information" department—and has naturally been especially employed since the war began. Several German spies have been caught in England, and some of them executed. The latter have gone to their death courageously, regarding themselves as good soldiers and patriots. They knew that they took their lives in their hands when they volunteered to do the work of spies. And if in war all's fair, it certainly might be held to be in spying. Yet our State Department is inclined to draw the line at the forging of American passports for German spies, and has addressed inquiries to Berlin on that subject. The point is that responsible German officials are accused of supplying such fraudulent passports as a regular thing. This makes the affair different from what it would be if it were all a matter of initiative on the part of the individual spy. Liable as he is to be hanged if detected, he is at liberty to resort to any disguise or artifice. But it is another thing for his Government to furnish him with documents purporting to be officially issued by another country. That appears to be the basis of our protest in the matter of the forged passports.

The memory of 1812 was invoked by the Russian Minister of War in the opening session of the Duma at Petrograd. He was referring to the sacrifice of Moscow and the ultimate victory of Russia over Napoleon. But there is another parallel to 1812. In the face of invasion and disaster, Alexander I made his appeal to the loyalty and self-sacrifice of the people. Tolstoy has described how Moscow rallied around its sovereign in 1812. To-day, the Russian Government is

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compelled to turn once more to the representatives of the people, and to renew those pledges of good behavior which adversity usually forces from an autocracy. Thus the present session of the Duma may be more important to the future than the military operations of the moment. To the Polish people the promise made by Grand Duke Nicholas at the beginning of the war is now embodied in a specific and formal pledge by the Premier, speaking for the Czar, of national, social, and economic autonomy for Poland. And for the other nationalities, without regard to difference of race, creed, or tongue, there is the promise of "impartiality and benevolence," as a reward for their "fidelity." The session of the Duma is only another illustration of how the truth is being forced upon the ruling minds of Russia that repression and efficiency cannot go together.

We do not for a moment suppose that the great body of German-Americans approve the railing accusations against President Wilson made by Henry Weismann, president of the New York German-American Alliance, at its meeting in Utica last week. He spoke of Mr. Wilson as the "dupe of Wall Street pirates." He also called him a "political bankrupt," distinctly implying that the President's course throughout the war had been dictated by a desire for reëlection. That he can be elected again next year, Mr. Weismann emphatically denied. This is the ordinary politician's rhetoric: "Anyhow, right or wrong, you can't get the votes." But the other assaults on the President go far beyond this, and must be condemned by all sensible Americans of German descent. They will consider Mr. Weismann's language in shocking bad taste, and a great political blunder, whatever else they may think of it. All such people ought to feel, or to be made to understand, if they do not feel it instinctively, that this is a time for them to display great restraint and moderation. The champions of Germany in this country have received every liberty. They must not abuse it. It would be a huge mistake for them to fancy that our American tolerance and habit of allowing everybody to have his say, provided he does not incite to violence or sedition, give them a charter to go to any lengths. They have their preferences and their prejudices, their hopes and their fears. To these let them freely give utterance. But let them do it decently. They will not only give deep offence to the mass of American citizens, but will do the greatest possible harm to the German cause, if they permit themselves to fall into abusive attacks upon the President of the United States. Level-headed German-Americans understand this perfectly. They have been heard to say that the antics of the *Fatherland*, the paper started especially to speak for Germany in this country, have been worth a great deal to the Allies.

To call Eugene N. Foss a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Massachusetts is to do him scant honor. He is the fated interpreter of the popular will. Any doubt of this is removed by his own words to Charles S. Bird, who waved away the nomination which Foss offered him in his first attempt "to interpret the popular will" and thus compelled the ex-Governor "to lead the popular movement myself." The superficial and the prejudiced will dwell upon the fact that Foss has thrice led the popular movement to victory under Democratic banners, unmindful of Foss's own explanation that, as the exponent of the McKinley policy of tariff regulation, he has all this time been "the real leader of the true Republican idea in Massachusetts." But surely a man who has been the actual leader of the Democratic idea, the real leader of the true Republican idea, and is now the embodiment of the Prohibition idea, has fulfilled all the requirements of leader of a popular movement. The Progressives are wise in announcing that their candidate for the Governorship has been selected but cannot be disclosed because of "certain contingencies." It can only be a matter of time before all other candidates see a light, and for strategic reasons announce their retirement.

The international situation resulting from the Haytian violation of the French Legation is spoken of as serious, but it is not immediately complex. The natural step will be for the United States to act for the French Government in calling for full apology and reparation. Yet the incident will increase the feeling of France that the positive side of the Monroe Doctrine, involving the responsibility of the United States for the conduct of the more untrustworthy nations within its scope, demands a new expression. The outbreak at Port-au-Prince cannot but give an impetus to the movement already on foot to ask the United States to take over the control of customs, as in the Dominican Republic. The problem of oversight over civil affairs is more difficult, in that the Haytians may resent it in a way that the Dominicans have not; the country must trust to President Wilson's special knowledge. But since we stopped the long, criminal war between Hayti and Santo Domingo in 1850, it has been abundantly proved that a firm hand was to the benefit of both countries. Those responsible for the new murderous outbreak in Hayti must expect positive action.

That the excess of exports of merchandise over imports during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1915, was very nearly 1,100 million dollars is all the more striking because the total of imports shows no tremendous falling off. The imports aggregated 1,674 million dollars, which is only 220 million less than in the preceding year, 139 million less than in the fiscal year 1913, and actually greater than the total of imports for any year preceding 1913. In view of the fact that in the fiscal year immediately preceding the war our imports from Germany were $190,000,000, from Belgium $41,000,000, and from Austria-Hungary $20,000,000, this is particularly interesting. As for the excess of exports, besides its being more than half a billion dollars greater than the average of the preceding four years, and more than four hundred million dollars greater than the largest excess previously recorded, it is to be remembered that the usual expenditures of American travellers abroad, which are an important offset in ordinary times, have during the past year been reduced to an insignificant item. On the other hand, relief supplies sent from this country to the war-stricken lands of Europe count in the volume of recorded exports, but do not enter into the accounts of commerce; these, however, would not approach in magnitude the total usually spent by Americans abroad. The effective "favorable" trade balance, therefore, calculated so as to compare with that set down in former years, is probably fully $600,000,000 greater than the average of the past four years. The question of exceptional transportation and insurance rates, however, somewhat complicates the comparison.

But the law which proposes to make it a crime for a white teacher to help make a better citizen of the negro would put Georgia in the absurd attitude of sending her preachers and her teachers, her sons and her daughters, to foreign lands to do missionary work among barbarous and semi-barbarous people, when the descendants of a race of these very people constitute a large part of Georgia's population—that part which brands her with a disgraceful quota of illiteracy.

It is thus that the Atlanta *Constitution* speaks out against what it terms, mildly enough, "an unjust measure." It is aimed

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directly at Atlanta University and other institutions for the higher education of the negro, which have been founded and supported by Northern money. In them have taught some of the noblest missionaries that have ever gone forth from peaceful homes to encounter ostracism and unbridled prejudice for their crime of laboring to create leaders for a race, in order that it shall not prove the undoing of the South by its ignorance and its degradation. In the matter of laws like these, in the South as in the North, there seem to come periods when one State hastens to follow suit to another without asking about the wisdom of the proposed statute. Florida passed a law of this kind, and, therefore, Georgia must do likewise. In its essence it is a deliberate attempt to cripple the educational facilities of the negroes, although veiled under the usual guise of preventing social equality, as if the example of the high-minded and exceptionally devoted teachers at Atlanta could be aught but a blessing to all who come into contact with it, black or white! One thing is certain: If the question were left to a vote of the Southern leaders of education in the South, this bill would perish without more ado.

Without alteration of policy, the Canadian Government will, by 1916, own and operate nearly 5,000 miles of railway; and the time is at hand when it must determine its final attitude towards the various hard-pressed lines it has assisted by subsidies, or constructed in partnership with private interests. The hope is apparently strong that further steps in nationalization may be avoided. Yet the acquisition of the two new transcontinentals, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern, is being discussed on every hand, and its consideration is playing a part in Sir Robert Borden's conferences on financial affairs in London. These roads, now practically completed, are financially embarrassed, and the Western provinces guaranteed such large bond issues that failure to meet the charges would involve them deeply. Canadian newspapers insist that the fat must go with the lean, and that if the Government takes over the Transcontinental it must also take over the Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern as its western feeders. These lines, states the Toronto *Globe*, "need not expect to unload upon the people the unprofitable links while they grow sleek and prosperous on the prairie sections." Complete governmental ownership would cut a Gordian knot; but the risks in taking over a two-billion-dollar investment must certainly give Canada pause. A preliminary survey by British and American experts is contemplated.

"Under the shelter of the university, and almost in its name," says the San Francisco *Argonaut*, speaking of Dr. Scott Nearing, "he was conducting an impassioned political campaign, and the board of trustees was practically in the position of paying him to do this." There is much virtue in an "almost." Dr. Nearing did not profess to speak in the name of the university; no man of sense—and, we are sure, very few people with or without sense—had the least idea that he was speaking in the name of any person but himself, or of any institution whatsoever. The thing that has got to be rubbed into the heads of people like the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, or Chancellor Day, or the editor of the *Argonaut* is that nobody can speak "in the name" of a university on any controversial matter, for the simple reason that the university, as an institution, has no opinion on the matter. It may be that every one of the hundred professors of a university holds a given opinion upon it; and, if so, that is an interesting fact and may be a fact of importance in the formation of public sentiment. But still the opinion would be the opinion of the hundred individual professors, and not of the university. And if ninety-nine think one way and one thinks the opposite way, that, too, is a matter of interest and may be a matter of importance. But if every professor who holds opinions that the trustees consider pernicious has got to keep his mouth shut, on peril of losing his livelihood, what reason is there for attaching any special interest or value to the opinions that any of them stand for?

If the issue at stake in Poland is not the holding of Warsaw, but the safe withdrawal of the Russian armies, recent reports from all capitals, Berlin and Vienna as well as Petrograd, show clearly that the danger of encirclement is not immediate. If the southward swing of the northern German armies and the northward swing of the southern Austro-German armies be compared to the closing of a pair of pincers, then the pincer ends at the beginning of the week were still about 110 miles apart, which should be a sufficiently large hole for the retirement of an army. It is true that the southern pincer end has broken the Lublin-Cholm railway to Ivangorod, and that the northern pincer end is close to the Warsaw-Wilna-Petrograd railway. Were the Russians on the offensive, the cutting of the two main lines of supply would be fatal. But for the purposes of a retirement there lies midway between these two lines the railway running east from Warsaw through Siedlce to the line of the Bug and Brest-Litovsk. Against this line the Austro-Germans are developing an attack after crossing the Vistula between Ivangorod and Warsaw. If we dismiss the matter of railways, and imagine the Russians being compelled to make their retreat on foot, it is a problem of falling back perhaps eighty or ninety miles across country, while the wings of the enemy, as we have said, are still more than a hundred miles apart.

Assuming that the Russian army escapes from its present predicament without the disastrous loss which it is undoubtedly the main purpose of the German drive to effect, and assuming that in that case the immediate object of the German offensive in Poland will have been accomplished with the occupation of Warsaw and the temporary paralysis of the military effectiveness of Russia, what will be the next move in the German plan of campaign? The deadlock in France and Flanders continues, and the prospects of success for another drive on the coast towns of northern France, with whatever determination undertaken, can hardly appear bright. It would not be surprising, then, if, after their effort in Poland, the Teutonic allies should turn their attention once more to Servia. Their purpose would be nothing less than the occupation of the country. With Servia in Austro-German possession, it is not to be thought that Bulgaria would resist the passage of troops and munitions to Turkey. That some development of this kind has been foreseen by the Allies, is indicated by the presence of French and British troops in Servia reinforcing the reorganized Servian army. Meanwhile the answer to the oft-repeated question, "Where is Lord Kitchener's new army?" is probably, "In Gallipoli and on its way there." In other words, for the Allies the Dardanelles have become for the present the principal theatre of war, and it is not, we think, a far-fetched supposition that in the near future the struggle may resolve itself into a race for Constantinople, on the part of the Allies through the Dardanelles, on the part of the Austro-German forces through Servia and Bulgaria, the latter either terrified into non-resistance or cajoled into the complaisant neutrality of another Luxemburg.

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ANNUS TERRIBILIS.

The year of war was passed in review by two British Ministers, on the eve of the adjournment of the House of Commons last week. As in duty bound, they sought to put the best face possible on the situation. Mr. Asquith declared that the struggle had settled down to a question of endurance, and that the final triumph of the Allies, with their superior resources, was certain to come. Mr. Lloyd George was equally confident of the ultimate result, though he had some very blunt and unpalatable things to say of English mismanagement in the matter of equipping and supplying the army. Neither statesman was able to draw a rosy picture. Into the souls of both, as into those of all public men and private citizens in the countries engaged in the war, the grim and terrible tragedy of the past twelve months has entered. Boastfulness hides its head in the presence of the fearful sacrifices made. Even recrimination falters. It is with a sense of aghast helplessness that the whole world contemplates the misery into which civilization, all unawares, was plunged last August.

It has been a year of frustrated predictions and expectations gone wrong. In several of the warning notes which passed between the various diplomats last July, the expression was used that war, if it came, would have "incalculable consequences." It was a true word. Nobody foresaw what has come to pass. Military experts have been left looking like children. Even the German General Staff, with its wonderful organization of knowledge, has been overtaken by surprise after surprise. Financial prophecies have fallen to the earth. The forecasts of Bloch and others of his school have been beggared by the event. And not into the imagination of anybody did there enter a conception of the enormous losses which one year of fighting would bring. It has been truly an *annus terribilis*. And its gloom is projected upon the future.

The strictly military aspects of the war it is not necessary to bring to mind again. But this is to be said: the frightful mien of war has been so exhibited that never again will it be possible to clothe it with glamour. If the world had to have this lesson, it has now got it in a way not to be forgotten. When men hereafter speak of the pomp and circumstance of war, we shall know that they are referring to scenes such as can be witnessed in a slaughter-house. This war has been of a sort to revive the story of a writer in the Middle Ages, to the effect that when soldiers set up the claim of being the most useful citizens, the honor was contested by butchers with reeking knives. And he added that, whatever the motives, or whatever the services, of men going to battle, war was in its nature so cruel that it was impossible to "honest it with civil terms." It will certainly be difficult for the impartial historian to honest the war which broke out a year ago.

It has not, however, been nothing but a shambles. Even amid its horrors, the humane spirit has shone out, and moral principles have asserted themselves. Discussions about the responsibility for beginning the war have been dying out of late. But one thing we can never too much insist upon, because it goes to the roots of national morality and of civilization itself. We mean the crushing moral handicap which Germany took upon herself by her conduct towards Belgium. This she has never been able to overcome. Germans themselves admit this. They now perceive that the immense moral revulsion which shook the whole world when Belgium was trampled by German armies had an effect very like that of making the Allies a present of a million armed men. Thus we have at least one great sentiment, having to do with law and right, which has persisted steadfast all through the war. It has been a manifestation of the soul of goodness in things evil. We need not despair of the future so long as the heart of man continues to thrill over Belgium's wrongs, and so long as the consensus of civilized nations, outside the belligerents, is that no ending of the war ought to be thought of which shall not make the Belgians again independent and free.

That attainment is not yet in sight. It may have to be won by force of arms; or it is possible that it may come through mediation and diplomatic negotiations, supported as these would be by the demand of the German Social-Democrats that no annexations be made as a result of the war. All these things are still in the shadow. And what the next few months of the war may bring forth, the wisest cannot say. Facing such stupendous events, the mind feels itself reduced to imbecility. But unless we are to believe that this world is the sport of chance, and that the long history of mankind has been nothing but a blind clash of atoms, we are bound to look forward to some great good coming out of this mighty evil. If we do finally get a peace which means the discrediting and disappearance of militarism, with the exaltation of righteousness and justice between nations, it may come to seem worth the awful price that had to be paid.

INDICTING A WHOLE PEOPLE.

A letter from an American woman in the *Evening Post* last week was typical of many. The writer protested vehemently, and in part pathetically, against what she looked upon as the intolerant severity of American judgment of Germany during this war. The sentiment that she expressed has naturally been manifested often by persons of German origin and German sympathies in this country. Nor is there wanting, on the part even of those who believe that the German cause is wrong and that a German triumph would be a disaster to the world, a sense of sympathetic pain when that feeling is brought to their notice. "Read the attacks," said the writer referred to, "made upon the German soldier, then picture the feelings of a German-American, man or woman, who perhaps has just been called upon to mourn a beloved soldier-brother!" Nor is this the only aspect of the matter that awakens thoughts full of poignancy. We have recently read a letter from a German-American of culture, and of deep attachment to this country, who cannot bring himself to believe that the American people, especially those of the educated classes, having so many and such long-standing bonds of sympathy, admiration, and gratitude with Germany, can suddenly have flung away all recollection of these feelings and have given themselves over to unsparing condemnation of the German Fatherland. To no one who has known what is high and noble and lovable in Germany can such a cry of grief and disappointment be indifferent.

The truth is that Americans cherish no ill-will towards individual Germans, and do not ascribe to them as separate human beings those qualities of ruthlessness and unscrupulousness which have brought upon Germany, as a nation, the condemnation and resentment of just-minded people—condemnation and resentment so absorbing as to cast into the background, for the time being, those gentler thoughts which, when the terrible agony is over, will once more assert themselves. For the fact is that, so far from its being impossible, in this sense, to draw up an indictment against a whole people, it is precisely against a whole people that in times like these an indictment can and ought to be drawn. Indeed, when Edmund Burke made his well-remembered declara-

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tion, it was not a moral indictment but a legal indictment that he had in mind. "I do not know," he said in his great speech on Conciliation with America, "I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against an whole people." But the preceding part of the speech shows precisely what he meant. "There are but three ways," he had said, "of proceeding relative to this stubborn spirit which prevails in your colonies, and disturbs your government. These are: To change that spirit, as inconvenient, by removing the causes. To prosecute it as criminal. Or to comply with it as necessary." And it was the utter impracticability of criminal proceedings as a method of dealing with the American spirit, seeing that that spirit pervaded the whole body of the people and their assemblies, that Burke condensed into his famous epigram.

When it came to moral or intellectual indictment, surely no man more than Burke himself showed that that was not impossible. Right or wrong, his denunciation of the spirit which pervaded France during the Terror was as sweeping and as scathing as the power of eloquence could make it. To pass judgment upon individual Germans—to assume that we in their place would individually be better—might truly be presumptuous; but it is not presumptuous to declare that somehow or other a spirit evil and intolerable has gained such possession of those who control the destinies of Germany as to make her national conduct—in the large, and terribly often in detail—an abomination in the sight of all the nations. If the inflexible backing up of Austria in a demand so arrogant and an attitude so unyielding as to make the desolation of this war a certainty be a crime; if the violation of Belgium in cynical disregard of treaty obligations be a crime; if the punishment of the Belgian people for resisting this aggression, executed with calculated ruthlessness of the most appalling kind, be a crime; if the slaughter of non-combatants on the Lusitania, in defiance of the clearest mandates of international law, be a crime—what attitude is it possible for us to take towards the country guilty of these offences except that of indignant condemnation?

On this whole subject no better word has been spoken than that of the Bryce Committee at the conclusion of the first part of its report on the atrocities in Belgium. "It was with amazement and almost with incredulity," we are told, "that the Committee first read the depositions relating to such acts." And it finds the only plausible explanation of the acts not in some ingrained wickedness or barbarity on the part of the German people or the German soldier, but in the hold that the militarist creed has obtained upon the German nation. "The Spirit of War is deified. Obedience to the state and its War Lord leaves no room for any other duty or feeling." That the militarist doctrine is not one inherently attaching to the German people, but the outcome of a theory held by a ruling caste with whom it has become an obsession, the Committee asserts with emphasis; and the recent courageous declarations of leaders of the Social-Democratic party strongly bear out the assertion. But in the inception, and in the conduct, of this war, that doctrine has been the decisive factor; and, as the Bryce Committee says, "this is not the only case that history records in which a false theory, disguising itself as loyalty to a State or to a Church, has perverted the conception of Duty, and become a source of danger to the world."

ARE THE PROGRESSIVES HITTITES OR GITTITES?

Those who deplore the lamentable ignorance of the Bible in our day will find fresh cause for dejection in the fate that has befallen a Biblical allusion by the Chairman of the Progressive National Committee, Mr. Victor Murdock, of Kansas. In a statement positively guaranteeing that his party will be in the field next year, he said that the Progressive platform had become "the Ark of the Covenant" to hundreds of thousands of "aggressive Americans," and added that "there is not a township anywhere without its group of —— devoted wholly and solely to its preservation." The word we have left blank is variously printed in the newspapers. One of them timidly gives it as "gittites." Others boldly take the plunge and make it "Hittites." This last must seem to Kansas Progressives, who know their Bible so well, not only ludicrous but insulting. For the Hittites were, along with the Amorites and Canaanites, "driven out" by pious Israel. Andrew Lang said of the defunct London *Academy* that it was too much occupied with "obscure controversies about the Hittites." Such controversies are unknown in Kansas. There a people bred on the Old Testament understand perfectly that the Hittites are a name of reproach, and the idea that Victor Murdock could apply it to his beloved Progressives must seem deliciously absurd.

But the "gittites" that got by the proof-room of one newspaper—who are they? The word was perhaps passed as good Kansas slang—something like "git-thar." Alas for the lack of a Bible or, at least, a Concordance! Every Sunday-school child in Kansas could at once turn to II Samuel, vi, 11, where we read: "And the Ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite three months; and the Lord blessed Obed-edom and all his household." It is that kind of Gittites who are now to be found in every American township, according to Victor Murdock. The only wonder is that, while discoursing about the Progressive ark, he did not point out the danger of laying an unauthorized hand upon it. In Kansas, at least, they would have understood him if he had referred to the fate of Uzzah, who sought to steady the ark, but was smitten for his presumption, and "there he died by the ark."

A good many Progressives are apparently in fear of similar punishment if they stay too close to the ark of their party. At all events, they are quitting it with suspicious haste and in an emphatic manner. In New Jersey, on Saturday of last week, there was a meeting of the Progressive State Committee. The first order of business was the reading of letters of resignation from four members of the Committee. One of them was from the redoubtable George L. Record, who wrote that he had rejoined the Republican party as now the best means of securing the triumph of Progressive ideas. However this may be, the New Jersey opinion of Mr. Record's astuteness is such that his defection is taken as sure proof that he sees no chance for the triumph of ideas, or of anything else, in the keeping alive of the Progressive party. Ex-Senator Colby, it is true, affirmed that it would not disband in New Jersey, but it is plain that it is already largely dispersed, and that the faithful remnant is only waiting the signal to go to one or the other of the old parties. Another Progressive Colby, the recent candidate for United States Senator from New York, is giving his former associates some amazed thinking to do. He speaks in high praise of Senator Root, whose programme for the Constitutional Convention, as Mr. Bainbridge Colby understands it, smacks of the purest Progressivism. On top of this come reports from Michigan that the Progressives of that State are strongly in favor of nominating Mr. Root for the Presidency! Do we sleep, do we dream?

Over the spirit of the Progressive dream a great change is evidently coming. It is shown by the various indications we have noted from time to time; it is also shown by both the tone and the substance of the National Chairman's manifesto. He as-

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sumes, to be sure, a fighting posture. If Victor Murdock assumed any other, we should think he ought to be consulting his physician. He is nothing if not belligerent. "I am ready to say flat-footedly that we Progressives are going into the 1916 fight as a party and to win." But his explanations follow, and they are fatal. For Mr. Murdock tells us that the great "battles" of next year will be, not over candidacies, but over platforms. If that is so, the heart will at once be taken out of the Progressive party as it existed in 1912. There was then, of course, a lot of talk about the platform, but the real thing, the only thing that counted, was the leader. Never was there clearer evidence of the dominance of personality. The Colonel could have written any platform he pleased; his obsessed followers would have declared it perfect. But if next year he undertakes to frame the platform, while refusing himself to run as Progressive candidate, then there will truly be a battle over the platform. When in full command, Mr. Roosevelt could suppress incipient Progressive mutinies with an iron hand; he could cram Perkins down their throats. But as one in 1916 who refuses to hit the line hard himself, or who even declares his willingness to support "any decent Republican," in order to compass that great end at once of militarism and of social justice—the defeat of President Wilson—his autocracy will be much broken. And yet if Victor Murdock expects Theodore Roosevelt to be a humble Gittite, guarding in solitude the Progressive ark, he was never more mistaken even as a Congressman.

BECKER AND THE LAW.

The sentence of the law was finally executed upon Becker last week. Two juries, each of them of exceptionally high quality, had found him guilty of the murder with which he was charged. In the first trial, though there was naturally intense public interest, and perhaps public prejudice against the accused, there was no such state of public excitement as could be supposed to exert an overmastering influence on the jury; the second trial took place at so great a distance of time from the crime that all trace of excitement had disappeared, and the proceedings could not be supposed to be influenced in the slightest degree by any pressure of sentiment from the outside. Moreover, the judge who sat in the second trial had had no connection with the first. And finally, every resource of judicial appeal had been exhausted in the endeavor to have the second verdict set aside, and the endeavor had failed.

In these circumstances, it might be supposed that any attempt at the eleventh hour to obtain a new trial, unless based on the discovery of really new and weighty evidence, would at once be dismissed—by the public judgment at least—as utterly fantastic and intolerable. That this has not been the case is due to a circumstance to which it is worth while to give some attention. Stripped of comparatively unimportant matter, the final effort of Becker and his attorneys was based on the bad character of the principal witnesses against him, and the strong motive they had for bearing false witness in case Becker was innocent. No one can deny the force of this consideration. But the trouble with many persons is that they forget that this consideration was as fully present to the juries while the case was on trial as it can be to anybody to-day. No man of the twenty-four had any illusions as to the kind of person that Jack Rose, or Bridgie Webber, or Vallon, or any of that loathsome crew, was. In full view of the facts and with an opportunity, entirely inaccessible to the outside public, for judging the weight of all the evidence, every one of the first set of twelve good men and true, and every one of the second set, solemnly declared that he was convinced of Becker's guilt beyond the possibility of reasonable doubt. And it is to the removal of all reasonable doubt from the minds of the jury, and not the removal of all doubt from the minds of the rest of us who have no real opportunity to judge, that the prosecution must address itself. Neither absolute scientific certainty, nor the procurement of a unanimous judgment on the part of the public, is demanded of it; and obviously to make such a demand would be utterly to paralyze the arm of the law. For the sake of preventing the possibility of the conviction of one innocent man in a million cases, we should be inviting the certainty of thousands of failures of justice—thus promoting the commission of countless crimes, in which the innocent would pay the penalty for the immunity that, through a fantastic scruple, we had been foolishly granting to the guilty.

While these are the broad considerations bearing on the matter, the specific reasons set forth, with such clearness, conciseness, and force, by Justice Ford for declining to grant the motion for a new trial are not less interesting. His position rests upon the explicit and unmistakable requirements of the statute law. It is owing to the statute alone, and not by virtue of any inherent power deriving from the common law, that he could have authority to order a new trial; and the prescriptions of the statute are plain. His analysis of the claims put forward for the evidence proposed is as convincing as it is simple and direct. Of new evidence in the sense required by the statute, there was not enough proffered, says the judge, to have changed the result had it been received upon the trial. One point may be singled out as of special interest:

> Mr. McIntyre and Mr. Manton [of counsel for Becker] make affidavits to their not knowing at the time of the last trial about the matters detailed in the defendant's statement. The fatal fact is that the defendant himself did know about them at and before both of his trials.

In anticipation of this view, Mr. Cockran had said, in his plea for a new trial, that if it were to be denied on the ground that Becker had failed to bring forward his allegations at the right time, he would be executed not because he was guilty, but because he had made a mistake in the management of his case. But the requirement of law that shuts out this plea is no mere legal accident or technicality. It is the clear requirement of common-sense and effective justice; for if it did not exist, what could prevent an accused man from holding back evidence for the express purpose of presenting it as a basis for a new trial when every other device had failed, thus reducing to a nullity all the long labor that had been gone through by prosecutors and courts and juries?

The Becker case has been dragged out through three whole years. It is a horrible example of the law's delay. How shockingly the effectiveness of such a punishment as Becker's falls short of what it might do towards the prevention of crime, when it comes at the end of this long and dreary period of pulling and hauling, is self-evident. The consequence of it is that if the process ends in the carrying out of the sentence it has lost nine-tenths of its impressiveness and moral effect, while if it ends in the rescue of the condemned man it stands out as a monumental example of the difficulty with which the law has to contend, an unforgettable encouragement to evil-doers of every kind, however hard beset by justice. Against all this there might be a possibility of setting up the plea that the time, however long, is well spent which is spent upon an endeavor to establish the truth—were it not for the patent fact that mere dragging out of the time rarely tends to increase the chances of discovering the truth, and very often has quite the contrary effect. In this

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very instance, there is not a thing brought out in the frantic efforts at the eleventh hour which could not have been brought out just the same if that eleventh hour had fallen two years ago, or two and a half years ago. With ten times the strain and expense, we get one-tenth the public benefit that the vigorous and rational methods in use in England bring about; and we certainly come no nearer to the requirements of truth or of justice. That in this instance the public has been spared an even longer protraction of the spectacle, we owe mainly to the action of Justice Ford in strictly following the dictates of the law.

Unhappily, the scandal did not cease with Becker's death, but followed him to the edge of the grave. The attempt to stigmatize Gov. Whitman as his "murderer" could be thwarted only by an invasion of what are usually regarded as sacred precincts, and even the failure of this attempt did not prevent over-zealous friends of the family from a last effort to dignify the man who had paid the penalty of his crimes as a martyr. Worse than these manifestations, because so easily preventable, were the scenes during the removal of the body to the church and to the cemetery. Adequate police protection in such a matter should be one of the simplest duties which the authorities are called upon to perform, and yet the public was permitted to crowd upon the procession at every turn in its journey. The disorder at the end was the final distressing detail in a disgraceful episode, which the people of New York and of the country at large will be glad to forget.

CHAUTAUQUA AND WATER.

In the Middle West, the climax of the heated season, once anticipated with dread, is now awaited with impatience, since it brings with it the recurrence of that strange medley of emotional and intellectual titillation known from coast to coast as Chautauqua. Like the year of jubilee that wiped out all debts, the week or so of the local Chautauqua buries all the disappointments of the preceding twelvemonth and starts the community off at a fresh canter. Once more the great world has brushed the small circle that feels its isolation none the less keenly for the pride that prevents the avowal. Art, Knowledge, the Sense of Something Doing—this ineffable blessing has again descended, and the whole neighborhood is in a pleasant flutter for days at a stretch. Naturally one looks to Kansas for the frankest expression of feeling. Nor does one look in vain. No false modesty obscures the revelation of the Kansian psychology, the plain man's reaction to the Santa Claus that, coming in midsummer, goes under the name of Chautauqua—with whatever individual idiosyncrasies of pronunciation.

Perhaps Emporia is more fortunate than some of her sister towns in respect of the richness of Chautauqua, but the spirit is the same in self-conscious Emporia as in more naïve Upper Dow Creek. It was in Emporia recently that Signor Castellucci, head of Castellucci's Italians, "seemed to know the tastes of the average Chautauqua audience, for instead of a long programme of high-brow music, he gave a mixture which included a little of everything and played many of the old favorites, which always are acceptable." To be more specific, the programme began with something from "Il Trovatore" and wound up with a noisy rendition of "Tipperary." But the utmost efforts of the shrewdly obliging Castellucci were thrown into the shade in the evening, we gather, when a lecturer mounted the platform for a more strictly intellectual entertainment. "Grapes of Gold" was his theme, the phrase being taken "from a Japanese legend by that name." In plain English, he meant to talk about the power of suggestion, "the value of thinking good thoughts and the evil of thinking bad thoughts." But he was no conventional lecturer. Was this not Chautauqua, and Chautauqua in Emporia? So—

> Touching upon the power of suggestion, Mr. Adams stopped for a moment, pulled out a phial, and emptied a fluid from it, saying it was peppermint and he desired to test the ventilation in the auditorium. He asked his hearers to nod their heads as soon as they smelled the peppermint. In a few seconds half a dozen heads began to nod and in less than two minutes at least thirty people in the auditorium signified that they had smelled peppermint. A few minutes later, in bringing out the power of suggestion, Mr. Adams confessed to the audience that the phial contained nothing but water. The confession brought a storm of applause and many sheepish grins from those who thought they had smelled the peppermint.

From peppermint and the power of suggestion, the lecturer gracefully proceeded to the value of a cheerful word in a sickroom, the medicinal virtues of laughter, and the desirability of young people thinking big thoughts and thus some day doing big things.

It is easy to see why those interested in the original Chautauqua should protest against the use of the name for the hodge-podge of amusement and instruction that passes so widely under the name. The institution that is centred on the lake in this State which gives it its title is not a three-ring circus, but a serious educational enterprise for the benefit of the hosts of men and women who, never having had the advantages of advanced education, long to do what they can to lessen the handicap thus placed upon them. Many a busy woman in an obscure village has followed the "required readings" of the "American year," the "Greek year," and so on, finding her half-hours for reading as she could, and finally crowned her work with a two weeks' visit at the mystic spot that has been the centre of her intellectual life for four years or longer, there to receive her tangible reward in the form of the prized diploma, meantime infusing into her home a quality of culture that in her children had full bloom. More than one rich university now provides a multitude of correspondence courses which, pursued steadily, soon bring one within sight of the same recognition as that vouchsafed to the more fortunate resident of the Quadrangle. If the popularization of education is an evil, the Chautauqua Institution no longer stands alone in it.

But is the original Chautauqua altogether blameless in the matter of the pseudo-Chautauquas, with their Neopolitan Troubadours and Sears the Taffy Man? A look at the "official programme" for any week of the summer season makes it difficult to acquit the institution on this score. No single person would find it physically possible to attend every number on this programme. From two to six events are in progres simultaneously from eight o'clock in the morning until ten in the evening. A list so heavily loaded in mere number of offerings must be relieved in places by lighter exercises. The early morning lecture on "The History of Israel in the Light of Recent Archæology" makes necessary the fixing of a meeting of the Bird and Tree Club in the middle of the forenoon, to which further variety is added by an address by Commissioner Davis early in the afternoon on "Prison Labor," and, a little later, motion pictures, a Shakespearean recital, and an oratorio. Here are three kinds of "attractions." The primarily instructive lecture glides easily into the "address" by some notability, whence the step to out-and-out entertainment is not a long one. In this mingling on the same bill-of-fare of solid food, hors d'œuvres, and dessert, all offered without distinction of value except as the purchaser may choose to distinguish for himself, is the germ of the false Chautauqua that is so much more conspicuous than the true.

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Foreign Correspondence

THE WELSH COLLIERS—A SERVIAN ARTIST — "TOMMY" AT SUBURBAN FETES.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, July 20.

The strike of the colliers in South Wales is not a thing of which we are proud, but it would be as great a mistake to exaggerate its meaning as to minimize it. The miners believe that the coal-masters are making such abnormal profits now that, at the end of the war, it would leave them in a position to close down with equanimity and dictate their own terms to the men. No doubt the belief is not wholly justified, as the returns of the various mines show; but the owners cannot be altogether acquitted of blame in the matter of threshing out the disputed points openly and amicably. The strike has been declared against the will of the official leaders of the men, and without the taking of any general ballot; the assertion is that it is really engineered by a comparatively small group of syndicalist miners, mostly young men, who have cleverly contrived to secure control of the machinery of the "lodges." The miners have contributed their full quota to England's volunteer army; and it is not believed that, if the whole body could be canvassed, the result would be otherwise than patriotic. The object of the syndicalists is undoubtedly to force the state to nationalize the coal pits; but the situation, though serious, is not yet considered so desperate as to necessitate this measure or the equally revolutionary introduction of conscription. In all probability, a way out will have been found before this letter reaches America; Mr. Lloyd George is again to the front as the *deus ex machina,* though it is realized that it must have required some resolution on his part to risk his popularity in his native Wales. Even those who most sympathize with the strikers; even those who blame the Government for a certain tactlessness, precipitancy, and lack of foresight, are inclined to feel that the situation would not be permanently eased by a complete surrender to the men. It must be fully understood that the Munitions Act is not a dead letter.

It may be doubted whether the exhibition of the Serbian sculptor Mestrovic, now in progress at the South Kensington Museum, would have excited so much attention in time of peace as it has in time of war. It is not wholly clear how much of our interest is in the new artist, how much in the new ally. In justice to Mestrovic, however, it must at once be said that most of those who came to show their friendly feeling for Servia remained to study a compelling artistic phenomenon for its own sake. The very fact that his work has excited an animated controversy in the newspapers is a proof that Mestrovic is no negligible personality. The man who forces the Slade professor of fine arts to tilt at him with lance in rest is surely no lay figure; and this opinion is confirmed on the positive side by the number of defenders who have also rushed into the lists. Some of these seem to regard Mestrovic as predominantly, if not solely, an exponent of Servo-Croatian nationality. Others refuse to see anything except an individual talent, in full sympathy with the most modern development of art. Probably the truth lies, as usual, in the middle way. While it may be true that Mestrovic's work could never have been produced if M. Rodin had not lived and worked before him, it is at least equally true that none but a Slavonic pupil of that great French artist could have produced these particular works. It is easy to trace Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Byzantine, Italian Primitive, and modern influences in the creations of Mestrovic; but there is always a substratum that we are forced to believe has vital and organic connection with the nationality of the artist. His works are no mere imitations; there are features that we are driven to ascribe to a blend of individual genius and racial inheritance. This belief is strengthened and, perhaps, justified by the fact that these terrible and tragic creations, with their controlled ferocity, indomitable endurance, and illimitable sadness, so completely reflect the tale of Servian history, with its five centuries of Turkish tyranny. Surely even such minor details as the sheer-cut, almost unmodelled nose must be somehow typical of the Southern Slav. If Americans have the chance, they should certainly see Mestrovic's works.

Suburban "gayety" has recently taken on a new lease of life, as every one with a garden the size of a counterpane is entertaining convalescing Tommies to tea and strawberries. Acquaintances who can sing a comic song or recite "The Wreck of the Puffin" are in great request, and the automobiles of the district are almost monopolized for conveying the guests from and to the hospitals—by as circuitous a route as possible. The appreciation shown by the men for these little attentions is very touching, and it is obvious that the break in their monotonous convalescence has a decidedly therapeutic effect. The courage and cheerfulness, even of those who have lost a limb, are beyond all praise. A charming Polish lady, who "assisted" lately at one of these functions, came home exclaiming: "Now I know what the English are really like! The English bourgeoisie—pah! the bourgeoisie are everywhere *horrible,* but the English 'peasant' is *magnifique,* and I adore him!"

If the volunteering spirit is not quite so extensive as its votaries might wish, it has certainly a marvellous intensive power in certain quarters, as is shown by the case of a man I recently came across who succeeded in entering the British army after twenty-one previous refusals of his services. If we could believe that the strength of such a recruit as this would be as the strength of twenty-two, we might confidently rely on our voluntary system; but I fear that not even the most vehement belittler of the pressed man would venture to assert this.

One very singular vein of volunteering was recently opened by an advertisement in the *Times,* reading as follows: "Skin—Officer requires 4 in. by 3 in. of skin to cover wound and expedite his return to duty; opportunity for unselfish patriot." Upwards of fifty people, most of them women and all apparently genuine, replied to this request and offered the skin required, generally without conditions. Unfortunately, my information ends here, as I have not heard whether the Army Airman concerned succeeded in patching himself up in this way.

The Central Committee for National Patriotic Organizations has arranged for the holding of meetings throughout the British Empire on August 4, the anniversary of England's declaration of war. The resolution to be moved at all of these meetings records an "inflexible determination to continue to a victorious end the struggle in maintenance of those ideals of liberty and justice which are the common and sacred cause of the Allies." The Committee wishes it to be understood that this resolution is not meant to express a spirit of glorification or triumph, but simply to renew the vows with which we dedicated ourselves a year ago to a task that has turned out to be even more vast than we believed it to be.

H. W. MESDAG—THE PAINTER OF THE SEA.

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, July 15.

On July 10, 1915, Hendrik Willem Mesdag died at the age of eighty-four years. His fame, like the ships on his countless canvases, has sailed the world, and at the news of his death many an American collector will proudly have raised his eyes to the Mesdags on his walls, remembering where and when he bought them. For half a century Mesdag has enriched the world with an endless variety of seascapes, painting the same sea never the same. From the Scheveningen dunes he studied it in all its aspects and moods, rough and calm, dull and blazing, at daybreak and at sunset, in all seasons, at all hours.

Mesdag took up painting at an age at which most artists have attained the height of their power. He was bred for business, and not until his thirty-fifth year could he free himself from books and figures and follow whither his talent beckoned him. The landscape-painter, Willem Roelofs, became his master; but it was not pasture and cattle and woods, such as Roelofs taught him to paint, which attracted him most. From the very beginning he found his own domain at the seacoast, first on the beach at Norderney, afterwards at Scheveningen, near The Hague, where he settled in 1870. Little growth is noticeable in Mesdag's art. He seems, at the outset, with one bold stroke to have struck the true vein of his power. His earlier pictures have, indeed, more of the dramatic in them than his later work; a stirring scene on the beach, at the return of the lifeboat from the wreck in the dark distance, is among his most popular paintings of that earlier period. But, unlike Josef Israels, who saw the sea as the tragic background of the fisherfolk's sad, awestricken home life, Mesdag grew more and more regardless of man's share in the life of the sea, and many canvases among his later work appeal to the spectator's sense of beauty by no other means than the sole expanse of sky and sea, a grand desert of water.

There is nothing theatrical or sentimental in the bold realism of this art, and in that the painter was true to the man. Mesdag was a strong, straightforward character, in outward appearance not unlike the type of fisherman whose watery element he loved with a sailor's love.

To his own country Mesdag has been a benefactor in a double sense. He has left it not only his work and his name for a lasting glory, he also gave it the precious col-

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lection of nineteenth-century art, which, during his long life, he brought together with a true connoisseur's love and knowledge. At a time when few people in Holland were yet aware of the greatness of the Barbizon school, Mesdag purchased the Corots and Daubignys, which now form the pride of his small but exquisite collection in the "Mesdag Museum" at The Hague.

ROUGET DE L'ISLE—HONORS TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE MARSEILLAISE."

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, July 17.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see!

Rouget de l'Isle, if he still remembers the obscurity of his latter days and knows the national fame which has accrued to him on this Fourteenth of July, might think in such verse. Only lately there was an old woman living who told her childish remembrances of him. He died as late as 1836 in the village of Choisy-le-Roi, just above Paris, on the Seine, eking out his old age by subsisting on two friends of the Revolution, lunching with one, dining with the other, perhaps not always to his hunger, as the French say. But "The Marseillaise" which he had written as the song of Liberty ceased never.

—The ages plead,
Present and Past in under-song.

It was so much the case that Alexandre Dumas heard it sung freely only after he was a grown man, for the restored Bourbons had done their best to silence its strains. It came back with Revolution in 1830, and, after another foolish prohibition by the Second Empire, it remains ever the spontaneous musical utterance of France through the centuries:

. . . a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame—
A people's voice! we are a people yet.

This was the burden of all that was sung and said in honor of the author of "The Marseillaise" on Wednesday when the tardy honor of the French nation brought Rouget de l'Isle's ashes from Choisy to the Invalides, where Napoleon is entombed. They are to go further, to the Pantheon of "a grateful country," when war leaves time for Parliament to place them there. This honoring of the poet who, in life, depended on the charity of his brother song-writer for the people, Béranger, was led by the President of the Republic and all its constituted bodies.

In the clear, cool morning, the stone coffin in which his remains were gathered years after his death was carried triumphantly up the Champs Elysées, hedged with troops, to Napoleon's Triumphal Arch. There it was set down before the great sculptured group in which Rude has depicted the departure of the volunteers of 1792, inspired by the notes of "The Marseillaise." This is at the right-hand corner as you come up the broad avenue from the Place de la Concorde—another name of Revolutionary remembrance matched by the present *Union sacrée* of the French people against ruthless invaders. And there the noble voices of Mademoiselle Delna and Henri Albers sang alternate strophes of the nation's song, the great crowd far down the line taking up the refrain.

Battalions of dragoons and cuirassiers kept guard roundabout, with the sun gilding their casques and their horses' caparison. Overhead aeroplanes soared and wheeled and dived. Veterans of the last war, in which France suffered mutilation, and eighteen-year-old youths who are now making ready to fight in her new struggle for life, came and laid their flags reverently on the coffin. Then, the long funereal pomp wound its slow way, with soldiers of every arm and uniform of France, to the great court of the Invalides. The catafalque was left there so that, all the day long, the people of Paris might defile before the remains of Rouget de l'Isle. The President of the Republic, flanked by all the authorities of France and the representatives of other nations, made the only speech. He is the spokesman of his people and he had something to say worth hearing in these troublous times:

"By decreeing that the ashes of Rouget de l'Isle should be solemnly brought to Paris on the national holiday, the Government of the Republic not only intended celebrating the memory of a French officer who expressed, in a tragic hour, the eternal soul of our country. It also wished to bring together, under the country's eyes, two great pages of our history and recall to every one of us strong lessons of the past, and—while once again, France struggles heroically for Liberty—to glorify the incomparable hymn whose accents have awakened so many superhuman virtues in the nation's heart.

"The sublime and improvised hymn of Rouget de l'Isle was, in 1792, the cry of vengeance and indignation of the noble people which had just proclaimed the Rights of Man and refused proudly to bend the knee before the stranger. . . . Wherever it resounds, 'The Marseillaise' calls forth the idea of a sovereign nation which has the passion of independence and all of whose sons deliberately prefer death to slavery. It is no longer for us Frenchmen alone that 'The Marseillaise' has this grand meaning. Its stirring notes speak a universal language and to-day they are understood by the whole world.

"Once more the spirit of domination has come to threaten the liberty of the peoples. For long years our toiling democracy had taken its pleasure in the labors of peace; it sought but to keep up courteous relations with all the Powers; it would have thought that man a criminal or a fool who would have dared to nurse projects of war. . . . And, on the morrow of the day when an agreement had been made between France and Germany, regulating between the two countries their Oriental interests, at a moment when Europe reassured began taking breath again—it was then a thunderstroke set the pillars of the world trembling.

"History shall tell what has followed. . . . Each of us, in all serenity, may revive his memories and examine his conscience. At no moment have we neglected to utter the word or make the gesture that might have dispelled the threat of war, if a mad attack on the peace of Europe had not long been willed and prepared by implacable enemies. We have been the innocent victims of aggression most brutal and most scientifically prepared.

"But, since they have forced us to draw the sword, we have no right to sheathe it before that day when we shall have avenged our dead and the common victory of the Allies shall enable us to repair our ruin and make France whole again and guard us efficaciously against the periodical return of provocation.

"Of what would to-morrow be made if it were possible that a lame and breathless peace should come to perch on the ruins of our destroyed cities? A new Draconian treaty would at once be imposed on our lassitude and we should fall for ever into vassalage, political and moral and economic, under our enemies. French manufacturers, French farmers, French workmen, would be at the mercy of triumphant rivals, and France, humbled, would sink down in discouragement and self-contempt.

"Who, for one moment, could linger over such a vision? And who would dare so to insult the common sense of our people and our national clear-sightedness? Not a single one of our soldiers, not a single citizen, not a single woman of France, that does not understand clearly how all the future of our race and, not only its honor, but its very existence, hang on the weary minutes of this inexorable war. We have the will to conquer, we have the certainty of conquering. We have confidence in our strength and that of our allies as we have confidence in our good right.

"No, no, let our enemies make no mistake! It is not to sign a precarious peace—an unquiet and fugitive truce between a war cut short and a war more terrible—to be exposed to-morrow to new attacks and mortal risks, that France has risen, whole and entire, thrilling to the manly notes of 'The Marseillaise.'"

Notes from the Capital

THE ANCHOR OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

To most men filling positions of importance in the Government at Washington, our present vexed relations with Germany are a momentous event; to one they are merely a notable incident. He has witnessed so many such encounters that his nerves are not easily stirred by them, for he has been in active diplomatic service for forty-five years. Boy and man, he has seen the United States embroiled in three wars—the one with Mexico, the Civil War, and that for the liberation of Cuba—and in the last named he was a direct partaker on its diplomatic side. We might add to the list, perhaps, the Philippine insurrection, and, as a near-war, the Boxer rebellion in China, during part of which he was our acting Secretary of State. Then, there were the clashes with Chili over the maltreatment of our sailors in Valparaiso; with England over the Venezuela boundary; with Italy over lynchings of Italians in Louisiana and Mississippi; with Spain over the Virginius affair, and a dozen others less worthy of mention.

Alvey A. Adee, Second Assistant Secretary of State, might well be called the anchor of the State Department, for he is the one man in it whose permanency was never in doubt, even in an administration so kaleidoscopic as Blaine's or so spoils-ridden as Bryan's. His partisan affiliations have nothing to do with

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his security, for probably not one of the ten Presidents under whom he has served has known whether he had any. Grant sent him to Madrid as Secretary of Legation; Hayes brought him home to take charge of our Diplomatic Bureau; Arthur made him Third Assistant Secretary; Cleveland promoted him to Second Assistant; McKinley made him full Secretary *ad interim*, when Day had gone abroad and Hay had not yet taken hold; and Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson have given him abundant proofs of their esteem.

What astonishes everybody on first making his acquaintance is that he could have achieved a career of this kind, handicapped by an infirmity which would have driven many a man of less strength of purpose into exile from public affairs; for he is as deaf as an adder, and has been so since as long ago as any one can recollect. He would explain this himself on the ground that persons with perfect hearing often hear too much; they suffer distractions which he is spared. When there is something he wishes to learn from the lips of another, he always can contrive a way of doing it; the rest he treats as negligible. A second marvel is how a man of so uncertain a temper as his can have gone so far in an art like diplomacy, which is supposed to require unfailing self-control. Here again, it appears, Adee exercises a wise discrimination, which has become a habit and works automatically, like a mechanism in which the cumulative pressure of steam or water, on reaching a certain point, forces open a safety-valve, lets its surplus escape, and resumes its normal operation immediately thereafter. Adee knows when to lift the valve and blow himself off. The human objects in the foreground may be startled, even disconcerted, by the phenomenon, as the new servitor was at whom tradition says that Adee once hurled an unsatisfactory luncheon; but the next foreign envoy who entered the office found the Secretary's surface as unruffled as a summer sea.

In the old times, Adee was scarcely ever seen, outside of the Department, except on a bicycle. The congestion of the streets and roads, however, now that the world has gone mad about automobiles, has made this a dangerous indulgence for one who cannot hear a horn or a gong or a cry of warning. It must have cost him no slight pang to curtail his riding, for the difficulties of continuous conversation in the streets make his walks rather lonesome affairs, and he is cut off largely from his former pastime of rural photography, which had made him an oral Baedeker with illustrations.

Adee is nothing less than an encyclopædia of international relations and usages. He is an authority on all questions of State etiquette and precedent, and can tell you who should sit where at a formal dinner, recite the seventeen sub-titles of the Sultan of Jimjamboree without a miss, or quote you the very words of President Jackson's rebuke to the Minister of the Netherlands. How so much information can be crowded into one memory is your constant wonder as you talk to him. With his short stature, his ruddy Scotch face, his auburn-gray hair and beard, and his brownish tweed suit, he looks more like a wiry, persistent little broker than like an editor of Presidential proclamations or a director of our national negotiations in Far Cathay. But, somehow, in the language of the streets, he "gets there just the same."

VIEILLARD.

Dean Swift

REFLECTIONS ON AN ENIGMA THAT DEFIES SOLUTION.

By P. E. M.

In more ways than one, Swift holds a peculiar place. He is, I suppose, not much read to-day, by adults at least, yet his name is certainly among the most significant for us in literature. When we think of him, it is likely to be with a shudder for the cruelty of his satire, perhaps the most relentless satire the world has ever known; yet "Gulliver's Travels," the book into which he distilled his bitterest venom, is now printed chiefly for the entertainment of children. He is personally one of the best-known figures of literary history, still dominating the imagination by that terrible force which awed his contemporaries; yet the mystery that clings about his motives and actions has never been, and is likely never to be, solved. The very groundwork of the man's character is still disputed. To one sentimental lady of our day he appears as the great and clean and typical humanitarian; whereas Thackeray drew back from contemplating "the caverns of his gloomy heart" with shuddering admiration. The man, he cries, "was always alone—alone and gnashing in the darkness, except when Stella's sweet smile came and shone upon him. When that went, silence and utter night closed over him. An immense genius: an awful downfall and ruin." For my part, if I had to choose between these two extremes, I should say that Thackeray, though he slandered Swift in the matter of friendship, had drawn the truer portrait—as indeed all the character studies in those marvellous lectures are quite the best thing of their kind in our language.

But I would not say that Thackeray dispels the mystery that hovers about Swift's name. On the contrary, the vivid art of the novelist serves to throw into darker relief the problem of that savage indignation and self-devouring rage; and it is with this problem in our minds that we are likely to approach the six volumes of Swift's Correspondence recently brought to conclusion.* Manifestly, it is impossible in a brief essay to give any notion of the variety and importance of the material contained in this great collection of letters. Statesmen, like Harley, Bolingbroke, and Ormond, write of their varying fortunes; churchmen, like King, of Dublin, and Atterbury, bring the functions of religion into the profane councils of the politicians; the high wits of the day, Addison, Pope, Prior, Gay, make a jest of philosophy and a philosophy of jest; Arbuthnot is here, whom we still love despite his one recorded fault—"really, Brother, you have a sort of shuffle in your gait"; and here are women, high and low, including Vanessa, who gave all for love of the Dean, and lost, and left an ugly stain, I fear, on the Dean's character—only no single word from loyal, ill-spelling Stella, who lost and gained nobody knows how much. To each and all of these the Dean himself writes with a flexibility of mind and a faculty of adaptation which no one would expect from so domineering a soul. The very variety of his tones, ranging from the manner of the dignified churchman to the not-too-squeamish boon companion, adds to the difficulty of coming to terms with the writer. I confess that to me at least the man himself, after all these words to and from him, still hides in darkness; I thought to explore the man's soul, but my little lamp of criticism was extinguished in the heavy air of that cavern.

But one or two things I have, or seem to have, seen. No one, I think, can read this correspondence without being impressed by the dramatic interest of the closing period of Queen Anne's reign, and by its immense significance, not only for the actors involved in the events, but for the whole of England. Even with the omission of the confidential letters, which for obvious reasons were destroyed by the recipients, one feels the passionate tension of the struggle between the Whigs and Tories, and shares something of the confused dismay caused by the rivalry of Oxford and Bolingbroke. But it is only after the victory of Bolingbroke, and the quick-following death of the Queen, with the frightful *débâcle* of the Party, that the full bitterness of the players in that desperate game finds an outlet in words.

The first vivid account of the weakening of the Dragon, as they called Oxford, in Bolingbroke's strangling grasp, comes from Arbuthnot. "I will plague you a little," the Doctor writes to Swift, then in the country, "by telling you that the Dragon dies hard. He is now kicking and cuffing about him like the devil; and you know parliamentary management is the *forte*, but no hopes of any settlement between the two champions." The next stage is noted in Erasmus Lewis's pretty story of the defection of Oxford's main help in the palace, Lady Masham: "Our female friend told the Dragon in her own house, last Thursday evening, these words: 'You never did the Queen any service, nor are you capable of doing her any.' He made no reply [that is Harley to the life], but supped with her and Mercurialis [Bolingbroke] that night, at her own house. His revenge is not the less meditated for that. He tells the words clearly and distinctly to all mankind. Those who range under his banner call her ten-thousand

The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift, D.D. Edited by F. Elrington Ball, with an Introduction by the Right Rev. J. H. Bernard, D.D. 6 Volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1910-1914. All the known letters to Swift are included, as well as those written by him. Dr. Ball's editing is admirable from every point of view. The notes are full, accurate, and apt, offering to the scholar an almost inexhaustible mine of information. Nor, as is too often the case in such editing, is the gentleman-reader ignored. Learning is here a-plenty, but pedantry is conspicuous by its absence. The text is spelled and punctuated in modern style, and everything is done to give the impression that one has to do with literature and life, rather than with documents for school exercises.

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bitches and kitchen-wenches." The sequel follows soon from the same hand:

It is not the going out, but the manner, that enrages me. The Queen has told all the Lords the reasons of her parting with him, viz., that he neglected all business; that he was seldom to be understood; that when he did explain himself, she could not depend upon the truth of what he said; that he never came to her at the time she appointed; that he often came drunk; that lastly, to crown all, he behaved himself toward her with ill manner, indecency, and disrespect.

An extraordinary indictment, and, apparently, true in every word! How that age of ceremony and decorum had learned to "rail to the pit of hell"!

Then, almost on the heels of Lewis's letter, there comes from another political friend the tale of the famous session of the Privy Council through the long day and night while the Queen lay dying, and of the discomfiture of Bolingbroke when she "gave the Treasurer's staff to the Duke of Shrewsbury, my Lord Chancellor holding her hand to direct it to the Duke." The tragic farce is ended—"the Queen is dead." Bolingbroke, the principal victim, showed a brave heart—in words. "The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday," he writes to Swift; "the Queen died on Sunday. What a world is this, and how does Fortune banter us. . . . I have lost all by the death of the Queen, but my spirit; and I protest to you, I feel that increase upon me." But there is nothing of this pretended serenity in the letters of the rest of the little band of politicians and wits who had been striving to hold back the onsweeping tide of change; for them it was the end of all things. Swift expressed the sentiment of the group when he wrote: "These public misfortunes have altered all my measures, and broke my spirits"; and Arbuthnot summed up the situation in a Virgilian phrase: *Fuimus Troes* (or *Tores*, as it is sometimes quoted).

The peculiarity of this whole event for us to-day lies in the mingling, intricate beyond the common measure, of national and personal interests. Swift, reflecting later on this period of time and naïvely suggesting to Bolingbroke that he should draw up its story "fully and exactly told," was not deceived in declaring that "there never was a more important one in England than that which made up the four last years of the late Queen." In that momentous session of the Privy Council the old and the new England sat facing each other, and the passing of the staff from the groping hands of the sovereign to Shrewsbury instead of to Bolingbroke was the symbol of a great revolution closed. It marked the end of that high zeal of the imagination which for longer than a century had given to England something more than material empire; it foreboded the quick decline of that intellectual originality which had already caused her to be regarded as the *pays philosophe*, and which, if unchecked, might have kept her as the leader of European thought when the world sadly needed such leadership. With the coming of the Hanoverians loyalty of the imagination to the institutions of church and government left the land, or lurked in secret places, and the prose of opportunism spread over all; England was to gain in practical efficiency, but for a time she was to sink in the scale by which nations are measured against one another in things of the mind and spirit. The pity of it is that the visible object of loyalty had been so unworthy, descending at the last to that lonely, dull, well-meaning, but helpless woman who united the blood of the Hydes and the Stuarts: the irony of it is the character of the two men, Harley and St. John, who, by their folly and egotism, made it impossible, in the day of final trial, to distinguish loyalty from faction and literature from pamphleteering.

That is the piquant contradiction of Queen Anne politics; on the minds of those who partook of the movement without being practical politicians, the result was such as might be guessed. For reasons which it is not necessary here to discuss* the literature of England had been for some time tending more and more to forms of satire; so much so that "wit" had become almost synonymous with malice, and Grub Street was thought of as the haunt of men banded together against the dignity of mankind and the stability of society. Early in the seventeenth century Sir Henry Savile, the editor of Chrysostom and Provost of Eton, had avowed, if we may believe Aubrey, that "he could not abide *witts:* when a young scholar was recommended to him for a good witt, *'Out upon him, I'le have nothing to doe with him; give me the ploding student. If I would look for witts I would goe to Newgate, there be the witts.'*" By the time of Anne this spirit of opposition had grown to be internecine, to such a degree that the mark of the true wit was his success in excoriating the vermin who had debased the name. "Fools, in my opinion," said Swift to Pope, "are as necessary for a good writer as pen, ink, and paper." Now, this little group of authors of whom Swift and Pope were the acknowledged chiefs, had, for very tangled motives, let us admit, undertaken to organize the malice of wit in the service of statesmen who, in their opinion, were upholding the great tradition of England as the home of enlightenment; and they had been deceived in their political leader and defeated in their policy. If they had hated fools and Whigs before, they now extended their animosity to most of mankind. Even Arbuthnot, for a moment, caught the infection of rage: "I have an opportunity calmly and philosophically to consider that treasure of vileness and baseness, that I always believed to be in the heart of man." All this, he declares, "really diverts me, and in a manner improves my theory." Yet it is an odd sort of diversion: "God knows," he adds, "I write this with tears in my eyes."

It would be interesting to follow this improvement of their theory through the works of the various men affected. Arbuthnot, for example, though he expressed himself at the moment in what are perhaps the bitterest words of any of the group, soon regained the fine equanimity of his spirit. But in the case of the two great writers of the group, Pope and Swift, if it did not change their attitude towards life, it at least deepened their views, adding a something which raises, or lowers, their conviction into a kind of philosophy. With Pope this conviction came with the enlarged opportunity of associating with Bolingbroke, one of the leaders of the deistic optimism which was running parallel with the satirical movement and was in the end to supplant it.

Thereafter, in the same years, almost in the same breath, we shall find him composing the "Dunciad" and other satires, and in his "Essay" giving epigrammatic form to Bolingbroke's creed of universal goodness. The thought of the little poet thus calling his enemies (that is, all the world save a half-dozen exempts) every scandalous name in his rich vocabulary, while at the same time he was concocting his deistic salve for the conscience of mankind, is not nice. It troubles me in my admiration of Pope—for I am bound to admire his genius, and somehow I cannot help loving the man, too—this troubles me, I say, more than all the atrocious intrigues of his vanity.

Now, Swift, too, has dealt heavy blows to his enemies on occasion, notably to such wicked Whigs as Wharton, but in what may be called his literary pose he consciously and consistently reserves his satire for human nature itself, rarely even alluding to particular men. So, in a letter after the completion of his "Gulliver's Travels" and of Pope's "Odyssey," he draws by inference a comparison between his own method and Pope's, and summons his friend to battle with the same sort of weapons:

But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is toward individuals; for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counsellor Such-a-one, and Judge Such-a-one; so with physicians—I will not speak of my own trade—soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years, but do not tell, and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials toward a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale* (the definition much mouthed by Bolingbroke and the deists generally), and to show it would be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy, though not in Timon's manner, the whole building of my Travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion.

On this ground the "Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift," to me the greatest of his poems and very great in its way, rises into a kind of pathetic sublimity. The whole

*See the essay on the Duke of Wharton in the *Nation* of August 13 and 20, 1914.

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thing is a sermon on a favorite text of the cynics, "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui nous ne déplait pas":

> As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
> From nature, I believe them true;
> They argue no corrupted mind
> In him; the fault is in mankind.

So the text is accepted, but with what exquisite art is it turned to the service of flattery:

> In Pope I cannot read a line,
> But with a sigh I wish it mine;
> When he can in one couplet fix
> More sense than I can do in six;
> It gives me such a jealous fit,
> I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
> I grieve to be outdone by Gay
> In my own humorous biting way.
> Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
> Who dares to irony pretend. . . .

And then the other side of the picture. The Dean is dead, and the wits and politicians and courtiers take their cynical advantage of the occasion, each in his own way. But—

> Here shift the scene, to represent
> How those I love my death lament.
> Poor Pope would grieve a month, and Gay
> A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
> St. John himself will scarce forbear
> To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
> The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
> "I'm sorry—but we all must die!"

This heartiness of feeling for his friends is not peculiar to Swift. It was, indeed, characteristic of the group, giving a rare charm and beauty to their correspondence among themselves and to their poetical references to one another; and in the case of Pope as much as of Swift, this feeling is marvellously enhanced by its very isolation in a desert of jealousies and enmities—so excellent is hatred as one of the backgrounds of life. But Swift's ironical association of this genuine sentiment of friendship with Rochefoucauld's doctrine of universal egotism is quite different from, let us say, Pope's shameless juxtaposition of the two motives in his "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot." From this theme Swift passes easily to a statement of his theory of satire corresponding to that which he had expressed in his letter to Pope:

> Yet malice never was his aim;
> He lash'd the vice, but spared the name.

Such, then, I take it, is the note of Swift's satire (though we must not construe the absence of personal malice too literally). His method, at least, is logical, even terrible in its logic. If you say that such personal tenderness as he showed for his friends ought to have been precluded by his theory of the universal baseness of mankind, the reply is that all generalizations are subject to exceptions. Yet let us grant a certain inconsistency between the man's mind and heart—and be grateful for it. And let us admit frankly that the cause of this broken harmony is a part of the mystery of his being which it is presumptuous to say we understand. We can go no further than to guess at its origin. He was born, one thinks, with a sensitive heart, quickly moved to sympathy by the joys and sorrows of those near him, and at the same time tortured by the pride of a Lucifer; he had a mind easily duped by appearances, yet strong and tenacious in logical deduction. With such a nature he might under other conditions have developed into the humanitarian which one of his recent biographers, with more zeal than knowledge, has actually made him out to be. But events—it is unnecessary to relate them—carried him in a different direction. He never lost his tenderness for his friends, and his sympathy for specific cases of distress, whether personal or national, remained with him so long as he kept his faculties. When the rest of Oxford's adherents were turning against him and complaining to one another of his weakness and treachery, Swift alone of his group refrained from crimination. He was kept faithful in part, one thinks, by sympathy for the man in his fallen estate, and in part also, it may be, by his notable inability to judge individuals. His own failure to rise was due in no small degree to this weakness of judgment, as was shown in the beginning of his career by the instrument he chose as his advocate with King William; and his extraordinary and manifestly sincere laudations of Oxford may be attributed to the same blindness. But if his feelings suffered little change—at least until the final silence and darkness settled over him—his early experience of humiliation and his many disillusions tended to confine his sympathy to personal relations and to preclude from coloring his general criticism of life.

We should, then, not be surprised to find the boasted malice of the wits used by such a man with devastating logic. We might almost expect, given the genius, such a work as the "Tale of a Tub," in which the author's satire, though aimed ostensibly at the absurdities of religious faction, ranges with terrible destruction over the various enthusiasms of mankind, shrivelling with its touch the aspirations of fame, the pretensions of learning, the pride of elevation, the spiritual mysteries of faith, the very hope of escape from degraded misery into calm of soul—"This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived; the serene peaceful state, of being a fool among knaves." It is not strange that the reputation of this book should have overshadowed Swift through life, deterring those in power from placing him in a position of authority over the higher illusions of society.

For such a satirist there remained but one step, and that was taken, I think, when the calamity of 1714 opened the door into the darker cavern, where rage at the delusions of men was to be converted into hatred of humanity itself. From this cavern he wrote to Pope that "the common saying of life being a farce is true in every sense but the most important one, for it is a ridiculous tragedy, which is the worst kind of composition." From there also he sent to the same person his literary profession: "The chief end I propose to myself in all my labors is to vex the world rather than divert it. . . . I hate and detest that animal called man." He changed the name of the animal to Yahoo in his great book.

So the event that carried Pope into the shallows of deistic shirking lifted Swift's cynicism to a perfect philosophy of hatred, and made of him the true logician and master spirit of wit. Yet withal the author of "Gulliver" still kept his human inconsistencies of love. There is nothing, perhaps, in the book quite so sublime, shall we say, or so blasphemous, quite so cynical and so pathetic, as his parody, in the same letter to Pope, of the words spoken over Sodom and Gomorrah: "Oh! if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my Travels."

I would leave the matter there, were it not that to write an essay, however brief and tentative, on Swift without touching on his attitude towards women would have the appearance of shirking the main problem of his character. Into the secret of his relation with Stella I shall not attempt to pry beyond the limits of safe conjecture. The story that they were both the natural children of Sir William Temple I reject as too wild for credence. Of the hypothesis of impotence it seems to me that a candid reading of Swift's works and correspondence, with a slight knowledge of the world, ought to make short shrift. Whether the marriage ever took place is still problematical; the external evidence for it is pretty strong, the internal evidence appears to me to weigh against it, and I am rather inclined to form my opinion in this case upon the latter. Further than this, if there be any clue to the abnormal course of his love, it is to be found, I suspect, in the fact that, whereas his cynicism and tenderness for men were kept separate by experience and understanding, with women they were combined into one feeling of strange and fateful power. Here his very cynicism is tender, and his tenderness cynical. He could have written of no man those inscrutable words, "Only a woman's hair"; and the critic is audacious or ignorant who would attempt to analyze the complexity of their meaning. But one can see dimly that such a feeling, while saving him from common debauchery, would strike true love with a palsy of hesitation. It brought awful repentance to him after the woman's death; how it affected her in life we shall never know.

Another woman, who rebelled against this mystery, and broke her heart in doing so, made this confession in one of her letters to him: "Could I know your thoughts, which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you. . . . Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul." That is about all one can say of the great Dean of Dublin after reading the six volumes of his correspondence.

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Recent German Poetry

REVOLUTIONARY BARDS IN PORTLY MIDDLE AGE—SOME NEW NAMES AND SOME ANNIVERSARIES.

The average quality of Germany's lyrical productions is not in proportion to its enormous output. It suggests either lack of self-criticism in the poets, or lack of judgment in the publishers. To begin with the generation which in the 'eighties heralded a renascence of German life and art, it cannot be denied that since it has matured into middle-aged portliness the revolutionary spirit has yielded to a somewhat bourgeois acceptance of the material blessings of life and a supreme unconcern about spiritual values. The notes struck by the one-time bards of progress sadly recall the very ideals which some twenty-odd years ago, in the vernacular of the time, they set out to "revalue."

Among the poets whose half-century mark was celebrated last year, Karl Henckell was a conspicuous representative of the young generation that shocked the good German philistine of the century's end. The "Hundert Gedichte," which Hesse & Becker, of Leipzig, published on this occasion, are not chronologically arranged; if they were, they would give a poetical synopsis of the development of his generation. But the book is typical of the range of subject-matter treated by the young men; it contains poems on nature, love, life; reflects the awakening of the individual and the social conscience, strikes the militant notes of a rebellious youth, and in its more recent products conveys the impression of self-satisfied maturity. A slim volume of Henckell's addresses and lectures was published at the same time under the title "Lyrik und Kultur" (München: Hans Sachs Verlag). The first paper contains some valuable hints how to judge and appreciate poetry. "Von lyrischen Werten" attempts to trace the relations between life and lyric verse. The appreciative study of Ada Negri, with the sub-title, "Eine lyrische Kulturträgerin," reminds the reader that Henckell introduced the Italian poet in Germany. The autobiographical sketch, "Aus Werkstatt und Leben," also contains interesting bits of historical information.

Max Dauthendey has not yet reached his fiftieth year, but he has already to his credit two volumes of reminiscences and a slim volume of verse which represents a selection from seven previously published books. Among these "Ausgewählte Gedichte" (München: Albert Langen) are some little gems of lyric song calling for musical setting; there are love songs with something of the quality of the Biblical classic, nature moods of rare color, and delicate symbolism, and very few commonplace passages and conventional images.

A new book of verse by Adolf Frey, "Neue Gedichte" (Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta), reflects delightfully the strong personality of the Swiss writer. No imitator of Gottfried Keller and of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, but one in whom their spirit seems at times to revive and find new expression, Frey peoples the Swiss landscape with a world of mythical beings; his lyrics have always an element of narrative, allusions to the lore and history of the country giving life and animation and a deeper meaning to the scenes which he describes in a language admirably adapted to visualize his imaginings.

The latest volume of verse by Stefan George, "Der Stern des Bundes," breathes the abstract beauty and impersonal dignity which seem part of his personality. Gustav Falke has written a new book of verse, called "Anna," which shows no evidence of development beyond his earlier poems. A pathetic reminder of a figure sadly missed in the literary world of the country is a posthumous book of verse by Gerhard Ouckama Knoop. Else Asenijeff, who belongs to the same generation, has struck out into a new path by writing a novel in lyrics, entitled "Hohelied an den Ungenannten."

Among the comparatively new names that of Otto Krille stands for an unusually interesting personality. Krille was a factory-worker and made his début as a writer of plays when he was thirty-six years of age. Some books of verse followed, founded more or less upon his experiences as workingman and reflecting a certain class-consciousness. That he is outgrowing that point of view is evident from his new poems: "Die stille Stunde" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel), for the volume contains only two references to that period of his life. One is the touching episode in a factory, "Die Rose"; the other is the poem called "Poète allemand," which strikes one as a bit out of date. The poem must have been written when Krille was still an outsider to the literary world; otherwise he would have known that German poets to-day are no longer of the idealist type that used to starve in garrets in order to remain true to their muse. This type of poet is more likely to exist in the garrets of Paris, Moscow, Stockholm, or any other city but Berlin. German poets to-day know the value of advertising; their fiftieth birthdays are celebrated by special articles and editions; their friends write and their publishers circulate appreciative studies of their poetical individuality. They go about the country reading their own works, and have even come to the United States under more or less official auspices to lecture for and to write about us. Otherwise, Krille seems to have a correct estimate of the world and a sound reading of life. He has risen above material wants, looked about, and sought eternal values in the depth of his soul. "Der Wanderer" reflects the philosophy which he acquired in his quest for truth in a series of admirably worded symbols.

Paul Zech, too, is a poet whose early work was rooted in the proletaire world of Germany's coal regions. His imagination was stimulated by the picturesque features of mining life which he visualizes with remarkable power. His form is the conventional sonnet, but the spirit of his verse suggests the influence of Verhaeren. As a contribution to the poetry of labor, "Das schwarze Revier" (Berlin-Wilmersdorf: A. R. Meyer) is more direct and convincing than the verse of Krille. For Zech is the younger man, and his point of view is that of a generation that looks upon labor in a new way. His pictures of daily life on the canals and in the alleys of mining towns have light and color and vibrate with reality. There are no rare and exquisite moods translated into rare and exquisite language; but there are scenes that a painter's brush could not convey more directly to the reader's eye.

An individuality reminiscent of Dehmel and Whitman has appeared upon the horizon in Franz Werfel. With the volume entitled "Wir sind" (Leipzig: Kurt Wolff) he seems to have thrown down his gauntlet and announced himself with the naïve self-assertion characteristic of the new generation. A curiously rugged individuality, he appears to be involved in the same conflicts through which the Young Germany of the 'eighties passed at the time of its meteoric début in literature.

The volume modestly entitled "Erste Gedichte," by Wilhelm Südel (Berlin: Egon Fleischel), is of a quite different character. Its charm lies in the purity and delicacy of its sentiment and in the arresting music of its lines. The personal note is strong, but it rings true. Südel's nature-moods suggest the visions of an artist; but they are always related to life, and this relation lends itself to a subtle symbolism which finds expression in images of rare beauty. The freedom with which he handles his rhymes is admirable; his three- and five-line stanzas are particularly effective. The more ambitious cycle, "Der Dichter," with the parenthetical note, "Thema zu einer Symphonie," is of a quality to inspire a composer.

The slender volumes of prose and verse which Kurt Wolff, of Leipzig, has launched under the collective title, "Der jüngste Tag," seems to be devoted to the youngest and least-known writers of modern Germany. There is an unmistakable note of juvenile defiance of the traditional canons of good taste in some of the stories, plays, and poems. While the French writers have long outgrown naturalism, the Germans seem to revel in it with a voluptuous delight in its crass and coarse manifestations. Though a title like "Junge Pferde! Junge Pferde!" is apt to prepare the reader for some Pegasus prancings of unusual daring, the author of the book so called, Paul Boldt, succeeds in administering to his readers a series of shocks. That he should with preference use the sonnet form seems more than incongruous, for his language is of savage directness and his imagery reeks with blood, if it does not offend the nostrils. The frequency with which the poet refers to the Friedrichstrasse indicates the source of his inspiration.

Gottfried Kölwel's "Gesänge gegen den Tod" has reached a second edition. The grotesque title of the first poem, "Maus, Hund, und Mond oder die dreieinige Liebe," does not encourage its perusal. But on turn-

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ing the leaves one comes across some striking sentiments, which, though often awkwardly expressed, have an original charm. There is a remarkable unity in the spirit of the book. The motto, "Es giebt keine Toten," precedes the first group, "O Welt, wie bist du wundervoll!" the second, and "Ach, alles ist Liebe!" the third, and the leitmotiv throughout is an eloquent though crudely formulated eulogy of life.

Three books of verse by women claim attention as being so many reflections of the woman soul. "Das Schicksal einer Frau" (Egon Fleischel) is an anonymous volume, evidently born of experience. It suggests the conflict in which a high-spirited woman finds herself on realizing her marriage a failure and being prompted to bear it for the sake of the child. What would have made one of many problem novels is here converted into a volume of verse in which the author frankly analyzes her feelings and sings the tragedy of her life in lines which show a facile gift of verse, though no originality of form. Moods and memories are translated directly into poems which collectively make the impression of a singularly honest human document. Erika Rheinsch strikes in her book, "Die Laute" (Egon Fleischel), a variety of notes with an admirable formal certainty. She is more self-contained in her love poetry than the anonymous author of the previous volume, more the poet than the woman. The book reflects a tendency towards metaphysical speculation and ends in a group of poems written upon the old theme of regeneration through sorrow, of which "Wie Sankt Christophorus das Christkindlein trug" is a distinctly original variation. The third book by a woman poet is Marte Sorge's "Frauenlieder" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs). The gem of the volume is the first poem, "Via Vecchia," with its powerful suggestion of the somnolent solitude of an old Roman highway. The "Hirtengedichte" are hardly simple enough in sentiment and language, and impress one as a rococo imitation of a shepherd dialogue. With the exception of the theme of motherhood, which in plain German is called "Der Schrei nach dem Kinde," the love poems of none of these writers strike notes that have not been struck some forty-odd years ago by Ada Christen, perhaps the only woman poet whose work has been compared with that of Heine. Only the last poem in "Frauenlieder" is new in sentiment, singing the dawn of a new era and the advent of the new woman.

Since the outbreak of the war much militant and patriotic verse has been written by German poets, and some of it has been published in handy little paper-covered booklets for distribution among the men at the front. "Der heilige Krieg" is the title of one of these collections (Jena: Eugen Diederichs). There is not a line in it reminiscent of the ideals for which Carl Schurz and other men held high in the esteem of the world chose exile some sixty-odd years ago; there is no appeal to humanity; not even a faint trace of the spirit of the 'eighties, when a young generation rose above the fatuous self-content of the elders and reached out into the larger world beyond the national borderlines, and seemed to strive for an international brotherhood. Richard Dehmel, the leader in this chorus of war-cries, follows an august example in his prayer, his sermon, and his eulogy of the nation's unanimous trust in God. Gerhart Hauptmann, Julius Hart, Cäsar Flaischlen, and others once suspected of political and other heresies, ably second him. Even Isolde Kurz, to whom the atmosphere of Imperial Germany was never congenial, exclaims, "Schwert aus der Scheide!" and Ernst Rosmer closes her harvest song with the lines:

Dem letzten Mann am letzten Herd
Schmied in die Faust das heilige Schwert—
Gott grüss dich, letzter Friede.

Alfons Petzold, the Austrian proletaire poet, is the only one who feels the universal tragedy and addresses the people, not his nation.

It is meet to notice in this connection a slender booklet by a German poet living in New York, Otto Sattler's "Krieg. Gedichte der Zeit" (New York: Rudolf Rochow), which bears the dedication:

Der Krieg hat mir liebe Menschen entfremdet. Sie kennen vorläufig keine Toleranz mehr.

Einige meiner Freunde sind aber doch frei geblieben von Rassenhass und nationalem Hochmut. Sie blicken weiter, über die Weltkatastrophe hinaus.

Und diesen Freunden widme ich meine Gedichte.

In this booklet there is dignity, and there is true pathos; not of that commonplace quality which rings through the sonorous effusions of facile rhymesters, but that genuine pathos which is too strong to heed conventional forms. Sattler's patriotism respects the patriotism of other nations as it does that of his own; it is not narrowly national, but generously human, as is indicated in the following lines:

Fest in unserem Volke stehn
Und dann hinaus
Weit über die Landesgrenzen sehn,
Dann sind wir auch in der Welt zuhaus.

Formally, the poem entitled "Es war . . ." with its personification of war as a hoary monster, half-man, half-beast, crushing the crops ripening in the sun, and laughing scornfully at the peace on earth, is the best in the book. The author's attitude towards the country of his adoption is apparent from the lines:

Amerika—
Sei du des Friedens treuer Hort,
Lass nicht der Hetzer giftig Wort
Auch dir die Fackel in die Hände legen,
Die nun Europa flammen lässt im Kriegesbrand—

Behalt, Amerika, des Friedens Segen,
Und schütze ihn mit fester Hand—
Du sollst den Weg zur Welt ihm weisen—
Und Jahrhunderte werden dich noch preisen,
Amerika.

A. von Ende.

Correspondence.

GERMANY VERSUS THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is no other great Government in the world to-day which insists so strongly as that of Germany that the individual will must bend to the collective interest of the State. Kept within proper limits, the underlying principle of this demand is sound. There must be a great deal of the bending of individual wills if there is to be a state at all, and the time is not yet at hand, or rather the time is long past, when an endurable life can be lived without states.

But for centuries past there has been coming into ever stronger life a state more comprehensive than any that ever before existed—the civilized world itself. Feeling its way slowly, it has built up a code of law based in principle on the fundamental postulates of justice and humanity and in practice on the general consent of individual nations to submit to a few restrictions on arbitrary power in return for a more orderly progress of civilization, which experience has shown to be well worth the sacrifice.

And now comes a nation which arbitrarily demands the privilege of setting aside any part of this code of law which, in its own unaided judgment, clashes with what it chooses to regard as "military necessity." How its demand will work in practice, it proceeds to illustrate by forcing its way with cannon through territory whose neutrality it was bound by specific treaty to protect and by sending to the bottom of the ocean without warning hundreds of men, women, and children, neutrals and non-combatants, whose presence where they were slain was absolutely under cover of international law.

Let Germany herself teach us what to say of all this. As there can be no Imperial German Government without a tremendous bending of the wills of individual citizens (or subjects), so there can be no such entity as "the civilized world" without a bending of the wills of individual states. The majority of individuals in Germany doubtless are convinced that it is best for all that there should be an Imperial German Government, and they insist accordingly upon bending or breaking the wills of recalcitrants sufficiently to keep it in existence and in running order. Some of these days they may change the form of it considerably and even give the will of the individual citizens much more play than it has so far enjoyed, but they will still insist that the individual must bend to the whole so far as the safety of the whole may require. Likewise the great majority of the individual nations which make up the entity spoken of as "the civilized world" are thoroughly convinced that it is best for all that there should continue to be a civilized world with its code of laws, meagre but slowly growing, which each individual member of this entity must respect as it stands until it is duly changed by consent of the nations interested. For Germany to conquer now in a struggle of nature would be merely to throw a temporary dam across the current of civilization, herself below. And with all her boasted efficiency she can mix no concrete for a dam of that kind which will not crush disastrously over her head in the near future. It is in the very nature of mod-

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ern civilization that in such a contest the arbitrary will of the recalcitrant nation *must* give way to the permanent good of all nations, which demands the sacredness of international law against any individually determined "military necessity" whatever. And for planting himself irrevocably on the right side of that *must*, President Wilson will one day have the respect of millions of Germans themselves.

W. H. JOHNSON.

Granville, O., July 27.

ITALY AND THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 27, in two successive editorial articles, you make some observations on the moral aspects of Italy's declaration of war against Austria, and on the diplomatic negotiations that led up to it. You admit that Italy "had a technical case for 'compensation.'" "Accordingly, the Italian Government at once began to press the Austrian for the 'compensations' due. At first, the Austrian Foreign Minister denied that Italy had a case; but finally—it may be under German tutelage—he admitted the force of the Italian contention, and began the long and rather sordid negotiation over terms." And further on you say: "This, of course, is a purely legalistic justification. It does not go to the moral bearings of the case. In impartial eyes, it will not make Italy's position glorious or even handsome. She has to-day too much the appearance of having invited bids for her support in the war, and of having finally gone where the highest price was offered."

That these negotiations were in outward seeming "rather sordid" may readily be admitted. The point I should like to insist upon is that whatever there was of sordidness derived from the Triple Alliance itself. After Austria's declaration of war against Servia, Italy began negotiations on the basis of compensations because the Triple Alliance admitted no other basis. The Triple Alliance, forced upon Italy in the first place, and false to the national conscience, had habituated the country and its leaders to an abandonment of the national ideals, and as Italy was always treated as the inferior partner, she became accustomed, as regarded her two allies, to remissness and acquiescence. You say that she has to-day too much the appearance of having invited bids for her support in the war. Yes, but it is only the appearance. Even from the first it was recognized that Italy could only fight on the side of the Allies. The best that Germany and Austria could hope for was neutrality. "The friends of Italy in neutral countries," you say again, "cannot help regretting that, in all this business, she has not stood more erect before the world. . . ." You are quite right. Italy could not stand erect before the world until the Triple Alliance had been denounced and war declared.

But you seem to forget that the "compensation" about which Italy negotiated so sordidly was, in other terms, the realization of national unity. You speak as if any territorial compensation, even one that could be commuted in money, would have satisfied her aspirations. Though your words imply such an interpretation, you yourselves, I suppose, would be the first to object to it. Apart from the strategic necessity to Italy of the Trentino and the eastern Adriatic shore, all that Germany and Austria could have offered her, of all the lands they hold by right, force, or fraud, would not have been accepted in exchange for those regions where Italians dwell and long for union with the mother country.

Another assertion you make, which is of prime importance to the whole argument, is that Italian statesmen "gained the delay necessary to arm, at the same time that they took up the work of shaping Italian opinion, and kept the Powers in doubt." Herein you have been grossly misinformed. It is not true that they took up the work of shaping public opinion. This work was done by the press, by books and public meetings, and finally by pamphleteering, carefully organized, accurately timed, and of extraordinary ability. The newspapers that had the strongest influence in determining the country to armed intervention were the *Corriere della Sera* and *Secolo* of Milan, and the *Messagero* and *Idea Nazionale* of Rome, not one of which had any relations with the Government. On the contrary, they were a number of times in open opposition to what were, or seemed to be, its tendencies. The *Idea Nazionale* did not conceal its discontent when Sonnino was made Foreign Minister, though it afterwards loyally admitted his courage, patriotism, and honesty. The *Giornale d'Italia* of Rome, which was founded by Sonnino and of which he is still part owner, before he assumed this office was, if not on the side of neutrality, at least very lukewarm for intervention. After Sonnino was called to the Consulta, it did indeed become more pronounced in this sense, but never to the extent of the other papers I have mentioned. Not only did it profess itself to be entirely unofficial, but the Ministry itself a number of times took occasion to declare that it had only one official mouthpiece, and that was the Stefani Agency.

Again you say: "Finally, in the most dramatic fashion, they [the Ministers] forced the hand of the King and spiked the guns of the once dominant Giolitti." I do not know whether this was a part of the abundant misinformation that is continually purveyed from Europe to the American press, or whether it was only your inference. At any rate, the fact is that the best-informed publicists in Italy were very much in doubt as to what would be the effect of the resignation of the Salandra Ministry. Giolitti's majority in the Chamber of Deputies had shown no signs of rebellion, and it seemed distinctly possible that he or one of his followers would return to power. I yield to none in my admiration for the statesmanship of Salandra and Sonnino; but their resignation, so far from being a stroke of policy, was forced upon them. With Giolitti, the leader of a strong parliamentary majority, treating over their heads and behind their backs with von Bülow, they needed a new mandate from the King and country.

In your leading article, entitled "A People's War," you begin by saying: "It is clear that nothing but the tremendous demonstrations in the chief Italian cities solved the Government crisis of last week. As it was bitterly put by the Rome correspondent of a Berlin newspaper, 'the street has won.'" Further on you say, "And the fact is plain that the real decision was made by the Italian Government. The nation was committed without being formally consulted." Without inquiring how you reconcile these two contradictory statements, I will merely observe that it is not true that "the street won." It was the whole people that won. The great demonstrations that took place everywhere throughout the kingdom, not only in the big urban centres, as you seem to think, were the unforced and spontaneous expression of a people's will. It was such an outburst of moral and patriotic enthusiasm as falls to the lot of few to experience. It came from those depths of sentiment and reflection which are the final justification of democracy and its hope for the future.

It may be that the Ministers of the Crown felt reasonably sure of popular support in the negotiations that led up to the denunciation of the Triple Alliance, although some acute and well-informed observers two weeks before war was declared were very doubtful if even a numerical majority of Italians were in favor of armed intervention. Anyhow, it was Giolitti's unutterable infamy that caused the scales to fall from the eyes of many. Then the Ministry, sure as they could not be before that the nation's heart and conscience were with them, committed it to action. And this, I suppose, is responsible statesmanship under free institutions.

HOMER EDMISTON.

Milan, July 2.

THE REVIEWER REPLIES TO PROFESSOR USHER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *Difficile est satiram non scribere*, in commenting on Professor Usher's vindication of his "Pan-Americanism," in the *Nation* of July 22; perhaps the three editorial lines appended to the letter deal with it more suitably than could any serious rejoinder. Reasoning would seem ill-bestowed upon a writer who is capable of explaining that, "in order to disown any intention of predicting or foretelling, and in the hope of avoiding the inference . . . that one probability discussed was more likely than another," he has chosen to designate his book by a term which —as his previous sentence reminds us—means "discernment beforehand, foresight of consequences, estimate of future happenings." Yet, since the letter charges the reviewer with seriously misrepresenting the book, and the author's position, through a misunderstanding of the "usage of words"—and since reviews in the *Nation* should be beyond reproach of this kind—it seems needful to examine Professor Usher's complaint with as much gravity as may be attainable.

(1.) Did Mr. Usher mean in his book to "forecast" anything at all? The review complained that the book wavered between a pretension to do so and a Gamaliel-like avoidance of choice between alternative possibilities. Mr. Usher's extraordinary talent for self-contradicition, which the review noted, did not desert him when he wrote his letter to the editor; he has contrived to assume, within less than a column, the same two irreconcilable positions. In one paragraph he declares, as has been noted, that in composing "Pan-Americanism" he had no "intention of predicting or foretelling," and hoped to avoid "the inference that any certainty was claimed for any future happenings or that one probability discussed was more likely than another." Three paragraphs later he informs us that "the book was intended to lead the reader to the conclusion that the use

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of force by us, or against us, seemed to me improbable, though possible, but that an opposition of interests and views with the victor seemed inevitable."

A reviewer ought, no doubt, to be grateful to an author who, in replying to a criticism, so precisely exemplifies the truth of the criticism to which he takes exception.

(2.) Mr. Usher's researches in the dictionary seem to have left him with the final impression that the noun "forecast" is synonymous with "suspension of judgment" or "avoidance of predicting and foretelling." If his conception of "the accepted usage of words" in other cases is analogous to this, one can only express the hope that his future publications will, out of consideration for both readers and reviewers, be accompanied by a glossary.

(3.) It would appear, indeed, that Mr. Usher employs other words in highly unfamiliar senses. For his letter seems clearly to assert that when his book "forecast" an "inevitable clash" between "Europe's victor" and these United States, it had no reference to any "armed conflict or the use of force," that, in fact, it showed "the use of force by us or against us" to be improbable. Yet Mr. Usher's "inevitable clash" is expressly defined at the beginning of the volume (p. 6) as a clash over the Monroe Doctrine; and the reader is later not less explicitly assured that the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine "means only one thing: war with Europe's victor in the first place, and with South America in the second place" (p. 402), and that "the probabilities indicate that the United States is about to be assailed by Europe" (p. 316). But it now seems, from Professor Usher's letter, that when he spoke of "war" he meant only an "opposition of interests and views," without "armed conflict or the use of force." I regret to observe that Mr. Norman Angell, in a review of "Pan-Americanism," which has appeared since that in the *Nation* (the *New Republic*, July 17), has also been misled by this oddity of Professor Usher's diction.

Has Professor Usher, in the course of his lexicographical studies, ever examined some of the more technical senses of the verb "to hedge"? THE REVIEWER.

MR. GODKIN AND IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the well-earned jubilation of the semi-centennial of the *Nation*, I hope I am not sounding a discordant note when I lament the fact that none of the writers give to the late Mr. Godkin the credit that the "mere Irish" recognize was his due, viz., that he was, as Goldwin Smith called him, the "champion of his race."

During all the years that he moulded American opinion, there was continually in his breast, as in that of his countryman, Edmund Burke, as quoted by John Morley, an ardent desire of showing his love for Ireland, and that this desire, noted by Mr. Ogden in his biography, has been passed over in silence to-day is some disappointment to those of us who have either paternal or sacred literary traditions of the influence of a band of workers who founded the first journal to receive the name of the *Nation*.

This side of Mr. Godkin's work was worthy of some reference, and no wreath to his memory is complete without it.

JAS. KINSELLA.

Winnipeg, July 22.

SCHUETTELLANZ?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In glancing over the Correspondence department of the *Nation* of July 22, I notice that Agnes Repplier makes the brief statement that the Germans are trying to dupe the Americans.

There is perhaps not a student of English or of English literature, worthy of that name, who does not reverence the great Agnes Repplier, and who will not defend her assertions as the gospel truth. But when such dogmatic and radical words flow from her remarkable pen she takes one overwhelmingly by surprise. The Germans are not guilty of her epithetical charge of duping and hoodwinking. Germany is the most truthful and efficient nation under the sun, and hence it must necessarily follow, as some one has said, "To thine own self be true and thou canst not be false to any man." J. A. BAER.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 24.

Literature

TWO CENTURIES OF STUDENT LIFE.

Memorials of Eminent Yale Men. By Anson Phelps Stokes. Two vols. New Haven: Yale University Press. $10 net.

The Yale brotherhood, to whom Mr. Stokes offers these volumes as a tribute of loyalty, will find in them ample ground for pride in the academic ancestry of a Yale alumnus. Since the day, more than half a century ago, when Sprague wrote his paper on "The Influence of Yale College on American Civilization," no one has attempted to measure Yale's influence, or, indeed, that of any other great collegiate institution, on our national life, or to discover, with any such wealth of illustration as is here given, the meaning of the title "mother of men," so often applied to the college at New Haven. Of course, the biographies of only one hundred and fifty-eight men, selected from the entire list of ten thousand deceased graduates, furnish but an imperfect record of actual achievement in the life of the country, a record the more imperfect in that the author takes no account of the seventeen thousand living graduates, who also are sons of the honored mother; but they do show that Yale has a hall of fame filled with men of rare distinction. Could similar selections be made from the alumni lists of other colleges and universities of the elder line, we should have a roll of worthies who in every walk of life have contributed something to their country's advancement. The roll would not be complete, for distinction does not depend on college training, but it would include a surprisingly large number of the men who have made the nation.

These volumes are redolent with the atmosphere of Yale undergraduate life during a century and three-quarters of changing practices and ideas. Mr. Stokes is quite as anxious to know what Yale has done for his worthies as he is to show what they have done for the world outside. He, therefore, intersperses with the biographical data quotations, often lengthy, regarding contemporary life, education, and discipline, drawn from college records, society minutes, library manuscripts, and private letters, that add both interest and local color. Many of these citations disclose the prominence of religious and classical requirements, some are satirical in their references to "four years at college dozed away," while others illustrate the cramped and artificial conditions under which students lived and worked in the days before the era of the first Dwight, when the whole system underwent renovation and the foundations were laid for the future university. Student energy, barred from most of the outside activities, found relief in drinking-bouts and rebellions. Punishments were freely inflicted, "according to the merits of the crime," and fagging was a college practice till 1804. High spirits found vent in "bullyism," as contests between Town and Gown were designated, which reached its height about 1820, and was not abolished till 1840. The "bully," the college champion in the encounters, was a unique Yale figure, and it is curious that of the thirty-seven known bullies but one attained distinction, and he not for physical prowess or the power of leadership, but as an authority on *mosses*.

These biographies are, therefore, no mere formal outlines of men's lives, such as would be found in an encyclopædia or a biographical dictionary. They are very intimate and human descriptions, in large part taken up with the college careers of the men selected, disclosing their hopes and fears, successes and failures, during the years before they became famous. Few of Yale's great men displayed evidences of greatness as undergraduates, and it was the exception rather than the rule that their classmates hit the mark in prophecy. Inevitably many left behind them records of excellence. Some were presidents of Linonia, were good at debate, and could write well; others, as, for example, Barnard, later president of Columbia, were remarkable scholars and stood among the first in their classes; but few displayed genius, as did Bushnell, when as an undergraduate he contrived a submarine, or E. P. Mason, who wrote in college his observation on nebulæ, or the mathematical genius, A. M. Fisher, who was advanced to a full professorship at twenty-five, a record surpassed only by the elder Silliman, who attained the same distinction at twenty-three. Precocious boys, such as John Trumbull, James Hadley, and William Rainey Harper, were certain to reach distinction, but their precocity manifested itself before they entered college. Harper fulfilled the promise of his early years by obtaining his doctoral degree at the unusual age of nineteen.

Conspicuous as Yale has been in the fields of religion, modern science, invention, and public service, it is as the mother of educational pioneers that she deserves greatest recognition. Leaving out those who

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have been the leaders in Yale's own advancement, such as Timothy Dwight and Theodore Dwight Woolsey, the most distinguished graduate of the eighteenth century and the most beloved graduate of the nineteenth, and also those who founded colleges elsewhere, such as Wheelock and Baldwin, we have the following remarkable list: Gallaudet, the American pioneer in the instruction of the deaf and dumb; Henry Barnard, one of the men who revitalized the American common-school system; Webster and Worcester, the pioneers in shaping our mother tongue; Gilman, the founder of the true American university; Sumner, the pioneer in the teaching of political economy; Harper, who revived interest in America in Semitic studies; Harris, who improved the methods and standards of public-school teaching throughout the United States in the last quarter of the nineteenth century; and Johnson, the founder of the movement for the improvement of agriculture and the use of chemistry in modern scientific farming. When we add to this list the names of Willard Gibbs, the founder of the modern branch of mathematical physics, whose work at Yale shows "how inconclusive the size of a teacher's courses may be as a final test of service," and Othniel Charles Marsh, the pioneer in palæontology, known to college boys chiefly through the "bones" in Peabody Museum, we but enlarge a list that might be further extended were we to turn to the names of lesser rank. Mr. Stokes has not often strained a point in order to include a worthy, but in the case of Tilden, with a scant two years' residence, and in that of J. E. Brown, with but a year in the Law School, he has made perhaps overmuch of the slight Yale connection. He would have added to the value of his biographies and increased considerably the interest of the reader if he had worked out the racial origin of his eminent men.

Yale has in the past furnished but few names of first rank in philosophy and literature, and none in art and history. She has distinguished herself for service rather than scholarship, and except for those who have been members of her own faculty, she has not until very recent times deemed the training of scholars and the publication of scholarly efforts among her obligations to society. Yet Yale was the first college in America to establish the degree of doctor of philosophy (1860), and is to-day among the very few that have raised to the highest level the requirements for the master of arts degree. These volumes show Yale's traditions of scholarship as well as those of service and good citizenship, and they show that these traditions are alive and demanding recognition. When a future secretary of Yale shall publish a supplement to these volumes, covering a third century of Yale life, we believe that the distribution of honors will be less unequal than is now the case, and that service and scholarship, inseparably bound up with the idea of a university, will each have its long roll of distinguished men.

A CHAPTER OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

Sir George Etienne Cartier, Bart.: His Life and Times. A Political History of Canada from 1814 until 1873. By John Boyd. New York: The Macmillan Co.

There have been several attempts to write the life of Cartier, by De Celles, Turcotte, David, Sulte, and others, but it may fairly be said that this substantial volume of some 425 pages supersedes all previous biographies of the great leader of the French Canadians, and will probably remain the authoritative work on the subject. Cartier's place in the political history of Canada, and the extent of his services in bringing about the confederation of the scattered colonies of British North America, particularly in overcoming the widespread feeling of distrust among French Canadians as to their status in the new Dominion, have never been rightly understood, and not the least of the merits of Mr. Boyd's work is the conclusive evidence it affords as to the magnitude of the debt owed by all Canadians to the memory of George Etienne Cartier. During his lifetime and after, the personality of Cartier was overshadowed by that of his political chief, Sir John Macdonald. No careful student of Canadian history is likely to underestimate the magnitude of Macdonald's services to the Dominion. He was first and always captain of the ship of state, but no political captain ever had a more loyal and invaluable mate than Cartier. Macdonald himself bore tribute more than once to the statesmanlike qualities of his colleague.

It would, of course, be impossible to write an adequate life of Cartier without giving a good deal of attention to the stirring and momentous events in which he was so prominent an actor. As has been said, "to write the life of Sir George Cartier the future biographer must write the history of Canada during an eventful and progressive period"; and this is to a very large extent what Mr. Boyd has done. While availing himself of all the material in print, and using these secondary sources with judgment and good sense, he has apparently spared no pains to base his narrative primarily on the original documents. Papers, letters, and documents in the Cartier family and elsewhere have been placed at his disposal, and it is evident that many of these were not accessible to, or at any rate not used by, earlier writers on the period. These documents, however, formed but a small portion of the material which Cartier himself collected during his lifetime, illustrating his relations with other public men of his time, his part in various political movements, and his attitude towards burning questions of his day, the heat of some of which has even now not quite evaporated. It had been his intention that this material, in the form of memoirs, should be published ten years or so after his death, and it is evident, from what he himself said of them, that these papers would have shed an exceedingly interesting light on many obscure points in the political history of Canada between, say, the Rebellion of 1837 and Confederation, thirty years of upheaval during which the fight for political freedom and responsible government was fought and won.

In some way, however, these documents, or the bulk of them, disappeared, and Mr. Boyd has had the benefit only of those that escaped or were in other hands. It is all the more creditable that he has made such excellent use of more or less fragmentary material. Cartier's life is traced from his early years in the Richelieu country and as a law student in Montreal, through the political turmoil preceding the Rebellion of 1837, the Rebellion itself, the union of Upper and Lower Canada, the struggle for responsible government, the annexation movement, the reciprocity treaty with the United States, development of party government, the fight for confederation, and the final birth of the new Dominion. Cartier died in May, 1873, having lived to see the mournful predictions of the opponents of confederation disproved in every particular, and his own virile faith in the capacity for government and coöperation of the two branches of the Canadian people thoroughly justified.

AN ISLE OF UNREST.

Ceylon: The Portuguese Era. By P. E. Pieris. Two volumes. Colombo: The Apothecaries Co. 15 rupees.

As the sub-title informs us, this is a history of the island from 1505 to 1658. Its especial value consists in the author's utilization of hitherto unpublished material found in the copy (owned by the Government of Ceylon) of the history of De Queiroz ("Conquista Temporal e Espiritual de Ceylão"), who died in 1688, after a long term of residence in the East. Besides this fount of fresh information, the author draws from nearly two hundred authorities, native and European. The story of Ceylon begins, as is inevitable, with the more or less mythical account received from Hindu tradition, but it passes rapidly to historical ground. No event of especial importance occurred in this happy land ("o melhor pedaço de terra que o creador poz neste mundo," as Ribeiro describes it), till, in the second century A. D., Gaja Bahu invaded India and, returning as a conqueror, brought back with him the jewels of the "goddess of smallpox and purity," who still remains a popular divinity. Although this conquest affected only the lower extremity of India, it is noteworthy as being the first authenticated invasion from the South and as following the lines of the Rāvana myth.

The early history of Ceylon abounds in romantic situations. In the third century the pious king of the land was so strict a Buddhist that he would have no malefactors killed, and when rebellion broke out he abdicated rather than cause bloodshed. As a price had been set on his life, he gave his head to a peasant who had befriended

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him and sent him (with the head) to earn his reward. In the fifth century, after a parricide prince had seized the throne and been in turn defeated, the victor cut off countless ears and noses of the parricide's adherents, slew thousands besides, and established his own power by "importing relics of Buddha and organizing a naval force for coast defence"—for the first time. It was the son of this king who committed suttee (if the word may pass) for love of his friend, the poet Kālidāsa, by no means the first instance of a man's committing suicide from love of a friend in India, but the first case known in Ceylon. After this period war-like intercourse becomes common between Ceylon and the mainland, till at the date when William the Conqueror landed in England the whole land, after fifty years of oppression, drove out the invaders in one of the bloodiest wars the island ever suffered. Incidentally, it may be remarked that there was considerable friction with the Chinese, to whom the Sinhalese had sent missionary ladies (nuns) as early as 434 A. D. In the fourteenth century a princess of Ceylon led to the funeral pyre the royal ladies of Chittore rather than fall into the hands of the Mohammedans.

The Portuguese first landed in India in 1498, under Vasco de Gama, soon reached Ceylon, and by unheard-of cruelties and barbarous violation of the rights of neutrals made themselves the best-hated nation in the East. They were, in short, no better than pirates till, having established their power through dread, they adopted the practices of civilization, exchanging ambassadors with the King of Ceylon, a puppet in their hands, and carrying on a trade even more lucrative than piracy. Of the later history, unrolled in full in these pages, the content, it must be confessed, is not of universal interest. Naval battles, intrigues, the evil government of the native, and the worst rule of the Portuguese, all on rather a small scale measured by the world's history, repeat themselves untiringly, if not monotonously, being varied by occasional notes of interest, such as the observation of Queiroz that Anurajapur was abandoned because of war followed by smallpox, famine, and *a plague of poisonous rats*. So ends the first volume of this chronicle.

The second volume also has illustrations enough of the lawlessness, rapacity, and incredible cruelty of the Portuguese, and some romantic stories still linger in the later period; but here the interest centres rather on the exposition of the village community, the economic conditions, and the sociological data (marriage, ceremonies, names), amply recorded by the author. In so far as Mr. Pieris relies on unpublished material, he cannot, of course, be controlled; in the use of other material he appears to be judicious, and, though naturally inclined to stress the picture of Portuguese atrocities, does not fail to be fair. His acceptance of the view that the Hindus used firearms in remote antiquity is due to lack of acquaintance with literature remote from his field. We doubt also whether the Hindus were adepts at lithotomy and rhinoplasty quite so early as some scholars imagine; but Mr. Pieris is surely safe in asserting that these arts were known before the word *rhinoplasty* "was coined in the West"! The author, who is a barrister-at-law and has a Cambridge degree, is in the Ceylon civil service. His native name is Deraniyagala Samarasinha Sriwardhana. His work is inscribed to his countrymen in the hope that fuller knowledge of what their native land has suffered will lead to a better appreciation of the Pax Britannica.

THE NEAR EAST.

The Development of Modern Turkey as Measured by Its Press. By Ahmed Emin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Albania, the Foundling State of Europe. By Wadham Peacock. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.

The Life of King George of Greece. By Capt. Walter Christmas. Translated from the Danish by A. G. Chater. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $4.

The cross-currents of nationalism in Southeastern Europe, ever struggling latently or openly to displace or overwhelm each other, toss to the surface from time to time such works as these three, which, very different in plan, substance, and racial sympathy, nevertheless aid each in its own way towards a comprehension of that age-long disturber of the world, the question of the Near East.

Mr. Emin's book possesses special interest from the fact that the writer is the first native Turk to be trained for historical work in an American university. His material has been an abundance of Turkish newspapers and periodicals, and his method of examination has been both quantitative and qualitative. Mingled with statistics as to the number of publications in various languages at successive periods, and calculations of the proportional space given in each publication to different sorts of material and different subjects, is to be found a valuable exposition of the development of Turkish life and thought during the past two centuries, and especially in the swift-moving days since the Revolution of 1908. The author considers his work "an attempt . . . to give a view of Turkey in her struggle for survival and betterment."

Owing to Moslem conservatism, the printing-press was not introduced into Turkey before 1728, and the small and slow beginnings of publication were state-fostered. Very interesting is the description of the dissemination of news in "pre-journalistic" days, through such agencies as criers, wandering dervishes, and itinerant theological students, and in such places as mosques and market-squares, coffee-houses and caravanserais. The first genuine progress in Turkish journalism was made after the Crimean War. Most journalists were reformers, and their papers, usually short-lived, bore such expressive names as *Liberty*, *Admonition*, and *Watchfulness*. After 1876, Abdul Hamid II gradually brought the Turkish press, like all other controllable agencies in his Empire, under rigid supervision. One-fifth of the material set up is said to have been cancelled by his censors.

The revolution of 1908 led to an outburst of journalistic activity, much of it futile and evanescent. The political struggle between the Committee of Union and Progress and its opponents became, however, reflected in journalism, and only for brief intervals was there real "freedom of the press." After the sharp humiliation and the partial recovery of the Balkan Wars, the temper of the nation was improved, and publication became more natural, supporting "earnest and constructive effort, a sign of the coming of a more fortunate balance between waste and repair." The study does not extend into the time of the Great War.

The press of a university of high rank should be more careful of its proof-reading, and of the conforming of a foreign-born writer's style to the idioms of the English language, than is the case in this publication.

With Mr. Peacock's book the reader passes from the ancient and strategically situated city, much desired by great Powers of the world, to the rough mountains fought for by peoples never yet lifted out of barbarism. A foreigner on official duty, Mr. Peacock observed externals primarily, and in the first two-thirds of his book his style is pictorial rather than reflective. Roads (or what serve as such), bridges, travel scenes, buildings, furniture, costumes, ceremonies, and visits of state fill very interesting pages. But, like an enjoyable type of after-dinner speaker, Mr. Peacock comes down finally to serious matters. His sketch of Albanian history, his narrative of the recent creation of autonomous Albania, his discussion of its possible future (alas, much water has run under the bridges since March of 1914!), and his misplaced final chapter on the Roman Catholic Church in Albania, are all remarkably accurate, temperate, and sound. He makes perfectly clear the separateness of the Albanian nationality, its persistence and capacity, and the essential justice of keeping its territory from further division between its bitter and mortal enemies. The book is well illustrated, but lacks an index.

Capt. Christmas, though usually fair in his judgments of the Balkan peoples, adopts the narrow Greek view as regards the Albanians, denying them the capacity for independent unity, and even counting them out of existence—they are not to be found in the table of inhabitants of the Balkan peninsula given on page 327. In what sense he can call them a "wandering race" (p. 311) is not clear, since they are probably the oldest inhabitants of the peninsula, and have certainly been in their present situation as long as it has had any history.

His knowledge, however, of the capable king who reigned in Greece for no less than fifty years, cannot be gainsaid. Four

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visits, the first paid as a midshipman forty years ago, and the last bringing him to talk with the King only three hours before the assassin fired the fatal bullet, together with meetings in their native Denmark and frequent correspondence, provided him not only with warm interest in and enthusiasm for King George, but also with much first-hand information. A scientific biography will no doubt be prepared laboriously at some future date, defining, with the use of countless personal and state papers, King George's position and work in Greece and Europe. But the King is not likely to live as actively and humanly in such a work of erudition as in the somewhat unformed and disproportioned account of Capt. Christmas.

George of Greece is naturally not criticised adversely by his compatriot and friend. Due allowance being made for this, he is revealed as a King of very modern type. He did not occupy his time with ceremonies involving barbaric splendor, nor did he love to exhibit uniforms and clank the sword of feudal overlordship. Of respectable private life, he will no doubt join the company of notable European ancestors through his numerous and healthy progeny. A shrewd business man, he did not disdain to encourage the consumption of Greek currants, or to invest in promising commercial enterprises. Like a small Napoleon I or Bismarck, he watched the press of Europe, and at times used appropriate means to counteract opinions hostile to Greece. A travelling King, he endeavored to win and retain by personal diplomacy friends for his restless, ambitious, long discredited little state. At home he maintained the peace between kaleidoscopic factions, and by exactly the right combination of dignity and democracy, of wealth and simplicity, he retained a marvellous popularity to the day of his death. And this was in a country where, at the beginning of his reign, scenes much like those in About's "Le Roi des Montagnes" were actually enacted (see pp. 86 ff.), where he had to coöperate with forty-two Ministries in twenty years, where war was rushed into (in 1897) with insubordinate officers and insufficient preparation, where the mismanagement of finances compelled the nation to go into a virtual receivership, and where for forty-seven years he had to work without a single statesman who could rise above petty interests and partisan politics. Only after Venizelos came to power in 1910, did the Greek people work together for the larger common interests of all.

Capt. Christmas usually introduces only material which has some direct relation to King George, but he makes exceptions in discussing the war of 1897 and the first war of 1912-13. Since he begins a brief history of the latter war, and carries it to within two months of the end, the reader is surprised to find no completion of it after the description of the death and burial of King George. In fact, the failure to show the King as a real force in Greek life during his later years is a serious defect in a readable book. There is a good index.

Notes

"The Rainbow Trail," by Zane Grey, will be published on August 12 by Harper & Bros.

The Century Company announces for early publication "A History of American Literature Since 1870," by Fred Lewis Pattee.

Henry Holt & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "The Cinder Pond," by Carroll Watson Rankin.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce that they will publish this month "An Appreciation of Dr. Henry A. Coit," written by James Carter Knox.

Dr. J. William White's "A Textbook of the War for Americans" (Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.; $1 net) is an able abstract of the controversies about the war, so far as they affect America. Naturally, most of the citations are of quite ephemeral matter, but the author's comment provides a bond of philosophy. He is adroit in revealing the tortuous disingenuousness of the Teuton polemic by the use of the parallel column and similar devices. The compilation is clear, and turns over the case from every conceivable point of view. Of the many books of this type it is one of the fullest and best. It has the indispensable but rarely provided convenience of an adequate index.

The general impression of "Shots and Snapshots in British East Africa," by E. Bennet (Longmans; $4 net), is of a Bradshaw or Baedeker, written in the first person singular. There are ten "I's" in the first paragraph. The narrative of a six months' shooting trip is unvarnished by any abstract comment and wholly devoid of imagination or of pleasing diction. Taking it as such, we may follow the author's every move, every stolid inspection and appraisal of his surroundings; we may peruse the minutest details of his safari, and may view the rather good snapshots of natives and the less commendable ones of wounded and dead animals. The second half of the volume is occupied with a descriptive list of the game animals of the country. The book impresses one as being the result of some mechanical combination of camera, dictograph, and typewriter, so devoid is it of enthusiasm, virility, and abstract interest.

The poet and romancer Emil Lucka's recent sociological study is presented to English readers as "Eros: The Development of the Sex Relation through the Ages" (Putnam). The translator, Ellie Schleussner, provides an introduction which prepares the reader for the vividness, charm, poetry, brilliance, and fascination of the ensuing chapters. Calmly stated, Lucka's thesis is based on Haeckel's biogenetic law, but is transformed by a sea-change into a psychogenetic law which reads: "Every essential quality which the human race has evolved in the course of history must be present in every normally developed individual of our time." In his particular application it means that "every well-developed male individual of the present day successively passes through the three stages of love through which the European races have passed." These three stages, the unfettered sexual instinct of primitive life, the metaphysical eroticism of the middle ages, and the blending of sexuality and spiritual love in modern times among Germanic races, especially the second and third, which are "founded almost entirely on original research," are developed in great detail through three hundred and fifty pages. The theory, however, is not complete without the corollary that "the evolution as well as the aberrations of love have affected man alone, and, roughly speaking, to this day affect only him. He is the Odysseus, wandering through heaven and hell, ultimately to return home, perhaps, to where woman, the unchangeable, is awaiting him. That which has been woman's natural endowment from all beginning, the blending of spiritual and sensual love, man looks upon and desires to-day as his highest erotic ideal." The mass of evidence, collected from a wide variety of sources, largely mediæval, is carefully selected to support the main thesis, and will doubtless be eagerly accepted by those who are of Teutonic culture or descent. But just why woman has been free from the operation of an evolutionary law working ineluctably from prehistoric times, is not made so clear at any rate to the Anglo-Saxon intelligence.

The note of the Wayfarer's Library, a collection of some forty volumes published at forty cents each (Dutton), is lightness. Some ten may be dismissed as merely popular attempts in present-day fiction—negligible if readable books like L. Cope Cornford's "The Master Beggars of Belgium" and works by Pett Ridge and Hugh Walpole. Another dozen are novels and romances of substantial merit and perennial popularity, some of which have long deserved an inexpensive reprint. We may be grateful for a better cheap edition of Hardy's idyllic "Under the Greenwood Tree" than this country has hitherto had, and for the opportunity of securing not only Shaw's well-known "Cashel Byron's Profession" and "An Unsocial Socialist," but his "Love Among the Artists." For the inclusion of two translations, Daudet's "Kings in Exile" and Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis," the latter taxing unduly the capacity of the slender format, there was less occasion. The same may be said of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" and "The Cricket on the Hearth," of which there are a thousand editions. But it is in its collections of essays that the Wayfarer's Library constitutes a deserving innovation. In this country no cheap edition of George Gissing's "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" has been heretofore available, and in consequence this masterpiece of autumnal autobiography is known to relatively few. The Library contains also Gissing's last book, "The House of Cobwebs and Other Stories." It could not do better than include in future issues at least two of his most robust and admirably subtle novels, "Thyrza" and "New Grub Street," both of which are now obtainable only with the greatest difficulty, if at all. The Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell has consented to the collection of some of his "Essays on Literary Subjects," in which space is unfortunately given to treatment of the more prominent names — Shakespeare, Dickens, Kingsley—rather than to writers whom Russell has known personally, or to the minor figures, as John Newton, on whom he has collected peculiar facts. Austin Dobson has chosen from a half-dozen of his books a series of "Eighteenth Century Studies," nearly

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all literary, with which may be mentioned Edward Parry's edition of "Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple" and Herbert Paul's "Queen Anne." Hilaire Belloc's "The Historic Thames" and George S. Street's "The Ghosts of Piccadilly" were naturally designed for English rather than American readers, but are in the pleasant essay vein opened by Leigh Hunt's "The Town," and have a fairly catholic appeal. Of more modern tone are Holbrook Jackson's "Southward Ho!"—a volume, indeed, too journalistic in manner—and A. G. Gardiner's "Prophets, Priests, and Kings," with its long gallery of informing vignettes of contemporary British notables. Some mention should also be made of two typical volumes of British humor, F. Anstey's "Baboo Jabberjee," a breezy analogue to Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," reprinted from *Punch*, and Barry Pain's "De Omnibus," with its picture of London streets as seen by the Cockney eye. It is to be hoped that the Library will grow, particularly in the field of the modern informal essay, in which it might well reach out to include France.

A recent number in that series of well-printed, handy little volumes published by Doubleday, Page & Co., under the title of "The American Books," is "The American Navy," by Rear-Admiral F. E. Chadwick, being a condensed summary of our naval history and an excellent guide, through its "short bibliography," for those who desire to study at length any particular phase or period. Within a narrow compass, the leading facts are given, with sample references to the authorities quoted. Less stress is laid upon the services the navy has rendered to the country and the world at large during times of peace in surveying, oceanography, the suppression of the slave trade, protecting American interests in remote lands, etc., than their importance warrants. These services have justified the existence of the navy, even when no clouds of war hung about the political horizon. "Aft of" instead of "abaft" (p. 7) is open to question as not in accordance with the best nautical usage. In the toast, "To the downfall of the barbarous Moor" (p. 99), the adjective generally employed was "barbarious," thus including jest and anathema in the same breath. The author's attitude towards the navy is expressed in these sentences: "We can only remain a world Power through a navy which can command safety and peace. Linked to such power there must be political good sense and just dealing." The absence of an index or even a table of contents makes the work less useful than could be wished.

It is not possible to define exactly the limits of Christian doctrinal liberalism—its boundaries are constantly shifting, and at any moment may appear in various shapes; but suggestions for a partial solution of the question are offered by H. W. Clark in "Liberal Orthodoxy" (Scribner; $2 net) and by J. M. Campbell in "The Place of Prayer in the Christian Religion" (Methodist Book Concern; $1). Dr. Clark gives an historical sketch of the freer Christian thought in Europe and America from the Cambridge Platonists of the seventeenth century to the present time, pointing out the literary and scientific influences (philosophical, astronomical, biological, critical, and other) that have induced modifications of the Church creeds. His volume, learned and clear, comes near to being a history of Christian thought in the period treated; with details too numerous to be considered here. It appears from his statements that the term "orthodox" needs constant redefining—opinions are now freely expressed in circles called orthodox that some centuries ago would have entailed on those who professed them excommunication or death. Naturally liberal orthodoxy (like the physical sciences) has never announced a well-defined creed or attained a definite organization. Dr. Clark's own determinant characteristic *stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ* is the belief that Jesus Christ brought to the world not new religious information or modifications of existing systems, but a new divine dynamic creative force, the continuation of the original creation of the universe, implanting a new life in human society—a formula that obviously admits of different interpretations, and might, if adopted, lead to a fresh division into various types and sections of orthodoxy.

Mr. Campbell, while not denying God's power to modify the physical laws of the universe, lays stress on the spiritual side of prayer, and on its subjective value. Man should not pray, he urges, for merely temporal good, but only for the temporal when it is looked on as a means for obtaining the spiritual. The temper of the suppliant must be ethically pure, devoid of hate and merely selfish ends, humble also, in view of man's ignorance as to the outcome of his schemes and desires. True prayer, he adds, is calming and purifying—it brings the mind into contact with the ideal, banishes what is unworthy, and lifts life into a higher plane. The volume says nothing that has not been often said before, but its tone is restful, and its general influence will, doubtless, be to further an intelligent apprehension of the function of prayer as a communion of soul with all that is highest in life.

Henry Rutgers Marshall's "War and the Ideal of Peace" (Duffield; $1.25 net) is a book on war by a philosopher. The treatment is essentially philosophic in that the subject is considered in all its important bearings, remote as well as immediate. The unwary reader who is not familiar with philosophical writing will be astonished to learn how far-reaching are the relations of war and peace, and may become a trifle dizzy as the author whirls him off to various remote parts of the universe on his way to a seemingly near-by goal. But the goal is only seemingly near by, and before he can be allowed to reach the practical matter of preventives of war, he must first be initiated into panpsychism, learn the real meaning of "spontaneity" and of "nature" and "law," and be converted to a new metaphysical theory of creation—namely, the hypothesis of the constant production of new forms in nature, based on the analogy of human spontaneity. He must also be instructed in the nature of ideals, must be able to refute pessimism, and understand the true meaning of morality, of conscience and its origin, of religion and its function, and of human responsibility.

The argument which requires all these rather surprising excursions is in outline as follows: We are told by the militarists that lasting peace is a fantastic dream, since the impulse to war is a part of human nature, and human nature, being a part of the larger nature, cannot be changed. To refute this it is necessary to show that spontaneity is an essential characteristic of man's being, and that, since he is a part of "Nature," this, too, may be regarded as possessing spontaneity—a view which panpsychism has made not improbable. Now it is by ideals that our spontaneity expresses itself; by their aid man has been able, to a considerable extent, to remake nature. One of the forces of nature which man finds working within him is the fighting instinct; and one of the ideals which he has created is the ideal of peace. And both history and psychology show that the fighting instinct, like other instincts, may be in part repressed, in part directed into new channels. Hence, though many pacifists have been guilty of a shallow optimism in that they have failed to understand the power of pugnacity, there still is good ground for the pacifists' hope, and the assertion that war must always be because it always has been is based upon a psychology and a philosophy quite as shallow as any assertions of the pacifist party.

After disposing of the philosophy and psychology of the question, Mr. Marshall devotes one chapter to the moral and religious issues; and in a final chapter on "Our Responsibility and Duty" he considers the extent of our responsibility, and points out various practical means by which we may hasten the victory of the ideal of peace. Although the lengthy philosophic discussions of the earlier part of the book into seemingly irrelevant fields may at times puzzle the reader, the work is not only sound, but very readable, and ought to have a helpful influence at a time when a fatalistic belief in the inevitability of war threatens to saddle the race in perpetuity with the very thing which it most dreads.

"The Dawn of Christianity" (Appleton; $1.25 net), by Alfred W. Martin, contains a course of lectures on the origin of Christianity, delivered in the Meeting House of the Society for Ethical Culture, of which the author is one of the leaders. It is an intelligent and sympathetic sketch of the Christian movement as reflected in pre-Pauline Jewish Christianity, Paul, and the Fourth Gospel. In the treatment of Paul, the starting-point seems to be, not the Apostle's idea of salvation, but his conception of Christ. Hence, little is said of the mystical union of the believer with the indwelling Lord who is Spirit, a conception which, to many scholars, is distinctive of Paul, and absent from that Christianity which is untouched by Paul. In the discussion of the ideas of the Fourth Gospel, due weight is given to Paul's Christology; but, we venture to think, more should have been said of the influence of his soteriology. We miss, furthermore, a reference to the survival in the Fourth Gospel of that legal type of Christianity which is reflected in the Synoptic tradition and primitive Jewish Christianity. The chapter on Hermas is interesting and instructive; but, if the Shepherd is included, the great catholic Irenæus should not have been excluded. But, be that as it may, the important remark is that Dr. Martin has written not only with understanding, but with sympathy, on one of the most perplexing problems in the history of religions, namely, the dawn of Christianity.

In "The World in a Crucible" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50 net) Sir Gilbert Parker goes over the

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thoroughly familiar ground of the origins and conduct of the great war. His advantage is in literary adroitness and a certain vividness. The case is conceived from the point of view of a British Imperialist; the moral is, "Wake up, England." Though the international implications of the war are mostly ignored, the survey is made with clearness and generally with entire fairness. Especially good is the brief sketch of recent history in the Balkans and its relation to the present cataclysm. Besides the political and diplomatic discussions, there is offered a brief view of the fighting, again from the British standpoint. It is not quite contemporary history, the scale forbidding, but it preserves that part of the controversies and events that will most interest British sympathizers. The fervor of the style often attains eloquence, and the book is one of the most enthralling of its numerous kind.

In "The Life of Catherine the Great of Russia" (Brentano's; $4) E. A. Brayley Hodgetts seeks to present "a really dispassionate picture of that great ruler's character and reign." In fact, he is evidently more interested in her personal life and character, which he tries to clear of many of its darker spots, than in her reign, to which he gives only the last half of his volume, and which he does not adequately appreciate. The first half of his book is devoted to a gossipy account of the unedifying reigns and court scandals which intervened between the death of Peter the Great and Catherine's own accession. With a subject as fascinating as Catherine II, his book is bound to be interesting and lively, and he does not fail to make the most of the bizarre conditions in eighteenth-century Russia. He quotes a good deal from the published dispatches of foreign diplomats resident in Russia, but his chief reliance is on the standard biographies in German by Brückner and Bilbassoff. His lack of historical method and inaccuracies of statement will be evident to scholars acquainted with the subject, if not to the more popular audience to whom his book is addressed.

The aim of "Roma: Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome in Word and Picture," by the Rev. Albert Kuhn (Parts VI-VIII), is to give to the general public a readable account of the manifold monuments of Rome in ancient, early Christian, and modern times. It is written by a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and part of its purpose is to set forth the glorious past of Rome as the centre of that Church. The book is to be issued in eighteen parts. The parts, six to eight, now to hand, complete the story of classical Rome and begin that of the city in early Christian times. Descriptions are given of the Collections in the Vatican, the Capitoline Museum, the Lateran, and the National Museum; while the early Christian sections deal with the history and art of the Catacombs. The book has no archæological pretensions, but it is brightly written and amply illustrated. Moreover, the most noteworthy works are generally selected with discrimination. A rather flagrant exception is the omission of any mention of the famous "Ludovisi Throne" in the National Museum, perhaps the most important classical work in Rome.

Offered to "the youth of the British Empire," "The British Navy," by Ernest Protheroe (Dutton; $2.50 net), will interest as well as inform a much wider audience. Mr. Protheroe begins his story at a time far antedating that suggested by his title, for in his opening chapter he traces the use of ships from prehistoric man, "who floated down a stream on a log or a branch," to the establishment of the Classis Britannica and its abolition during the latter part of the Roman occupation. But this scientific comprehensiveness must not be taken to imply dulness, either of matter or of style. On the contrary, the author has evidently aimed at producing a narrative that should reflect the fascinating romance of the sea. His pages are, therefore, full of dramatic events, in which the actors appear in all their glory. We are told just how many guns were carried by important vessels, and just how the wooden walls were sheathed below the waterline, but these details are never allowed to become burdensome, and are always part and parcel of the story that is the chief thing to be told. The effect is that of a brilliant panorama, in which the triumphs of the Mistress of the Seas are depicted in their original colors, while, incidentally, is recorded the history of naval progress from the Ark to the submarine. Very suitably, the narrative is accompanied by a profusion of pictures, some of them from old manuscripts and engravings. The last twenty pages of the volume tell the story of the British fleet from the declaration of war in August to the sinking of the Emden. An appendix contains a list of ships in the British navy by classes.

There are portions of Dr. Eugene Coleman Savidge's "The Philosophy of Radio-Activity" (The Jenkins Co.; $1.50 net), in which the ideas are sufficiently digested and the language is simple enough to be understood, but they are rare. On the whole, it seems to be a mess of almost everything, expressed generally in passages of this extraordinary nature:

DURATION, INDWELLING FRACTIONS OF SPACE, IS THEREFORE THE DETERMINING REALITY, the syntonic key which non-materiality compresses into the color patch, attuned to ignore all other chatter, and draw from about it, its precise necessity of reinforcement.

The reviewer might as well confess at once that he can make no sense of this or of the many passages similar to it.

Fortunately, the publisher, foreseeing such a possibility, enclosed a slip in the book giving a résumé of Dr. Savidge's Philosophy. Even in this simplified form it was too erudite, but as there are many who apparently enjoy such excursions into the philosophy of the "conglomerate," one or two excerpts will permit them to judge whether they will find enlightenment from the book:

Radio-activity is the "ebb of the force which vitalizes the universe." Duration and space, annealed together by the forces of the cosmos, slowly disengage according to mathematics which never vary. Though the subject is associated in the public mind principally with cancer,—and, indeed, its very close relation has opened up a true philosophy of malignancy—this is a small fraction of the whole. . . . Dr. Savidge's thesis is; that matter is involuted with selective purpose, and that there is an *"ATTRACTION OF DURATION FOR MATTER"* as mathematical as the attraction of gravitation. Whether or not he be sustained therein, there will be no question that identities in living beings are as surely selected as that an acid seeks its base.

Such is Dr. Savidge's philosophy, and whether he can be sustained or not his readers must judge. But he must be first understood.

Almost simultaneously with Mr. Roy's volume on "Rabindranath Tagore" (reviewed in the *Nation* of June 17) came another life issued by Macmillan ($1 net), the regular publisher of Tagore's works, and written by a Celt, Mr. Ernest Rhys. This, as might be expected, is a better-written book than Mr. Roy's. One good service Mr. Rhys performs, in giving us a pretty full summary, with extracts, of two or three of Tagore's prose tales, which lead the present reviewer to suspect that those are right who value these pieces of fiction above Tagore's poetry. But Mr. Rhys, like Mr. Roy and most other writers on the subject, falls into the error of thinking that the "Gitanjali" and "Sādhanā" are in the spirit of the Vedânta. He is probably excusable on the ground that he has only a distant acquaintance with the ancient books. To name old Cankara on the same page with Tagore is awful to any one who has wrestled with that brain-wracking metaphysician of the Vedânta. But the true relation is also indicated by Mr. Rhys when he shows us how easily and naturally Tagore's plays were accepted and acted by the Dublin Players, and when he intimates the similarity of Tagore's educational ideas, as practiced at his model school, with those that run through the work of Froebel and Henry George, jr., and Mme. Montessori. This relationship is, of course, not to the discredit of Mr. Tagore, and we only allude to it for the sake of intellectual clarity. But it is not quite so when Mr. Rhys holds up the spirit of this modern Hindu mysticism and romanticism as a corrective for the competitive straining after power among us, which has brought on the present war. Europe, as any one familiar with the works of Maeterlinck and a host of kindred writers ought to know, has for many years been full of the same obscurantism of the emotions; and any one familiar with human nature ought also to know that kind of sentimentalism, when it comes to a test with any of the strong materialistic forces of life, simply crumples into nothing. Europe needs more a philosophy of duty and discipline than of pantheistic relaxation.

The Rev. R. M. Lithgow, in "The Parabolic Gospel" (imported by Scribner) discovers in the parables of Jesus not only an orderly and logical development of Christ's doctrine, but a development which is in keeping with the normal spiritual growth in man. This discovery, which the author rightly asserts to be original, is due primarily to his ability to see meanings in the parables which a reader who is furnished only with a knowledge of the hopes and aspirations of Judaism and primitive Christianity is unable to see, as, for example, the idea, more than once affirmed, that the parables of the Lost Sheep, the Lost Coin, and the Lost Son, the "three-one" parable, as it is called, set before us pictorially "the saving work of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." The author's discovery is due, in the next place, to his contention that it is self-evident that the Gospel of Matthew, the work of an eye-witness, gives the historical and logical order of the parables which it records. The student who shares the premises of the author may, without further comment, be referred for details to the book itself.

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Science

PREHISTORIC MAN.

The Antiquity of Man in Europe. By James Geikie. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.

Owing partly to recent discoveries of the first importance, and partly to the fact that older ones are now better understood, the ancient problem of the antiquity of mankind is being attacked with renewed interest from many sides. The three great lines of converging evidence, which may be called the anatomical, dealing with the skeletal remains of man himself, the archæological, that considers mainly his handiwork, and the geological, upon which we depend for a knowledge of his environment as well as of his probable age, all agree in placing the date of his arrival in Europe at an almost inconceivably remote epoch.

Geology is, after all, the court to which observers of whatever class must make their final appeal, and no saner and surer interpreter of the geological evidence could be found than the author of the present work. James Geikie's "Great Ice Age," the first issue of which appeared in 1874 and the last in 1894, in one respect, at least, furnished a new basis for the history of the earth and man; Geikie showed that what is now known as the Pleistocene or Quaternary Period in Europe really consisted of a great series of alternating cold and genial epochs, with corresponding oscillations in the flora and fauna, a view which is now generally accepted and which the author has elaborated in the present work.

Four major glacial and three major interglacial epochs, each of vast duration, are now generally attributed to the Pleistocene in Europe, and in the course of ten lectures the author here deals concisely with each, from a purely geological point of view; at the same time he correlates with them, so far as possible, the archæological stages of man at present recognized; these are seven in number, beginning with the Chellean of the older Palæolithic to the Azilian or transition stage that preceded Neolithic man in Europe. Evidence from successive faunas and floras, from caves, river drifts, glacial and interglacial deposits are briefly reviewed in the light of the most recent observations. The work ends with a succinct history of Pleistocene time, and of man's relation to it in his successive stages of culture, as they have been worked out by De Mortillet and other archæologists. Numerous illustrations and maps accompany the text, which the reader will find perfectly clear, if somewhat barren in style.

Though freely recognizing the possibility of the existence of man during the Pliocene Period in Europe, the author considers that the earliest human remains pertaining to the continent, the authenticity of which is beyond dispute, belong to the Pleistocene. The animals and plants of this entire period are divided into three classes, a southern and temperate group, indicating a genial climate, a tundra or snow-loving group, corresponding to the present inhabitants of the treeless zone bordering the Arctic Ocean, or "barren grounds," as this area is called in North America, and a steppe group, which occupied low grassy plains and high plateaus.

During the milder interglacial times vast herds of deer and wild cattle, as well as elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotami, ranged at will over central Europe from the Mediterranean to as far north as Yorkshire in England, and from the borders of Asia to the western ocean. Whenever the climate of middle and western Europe began to approach Arctic conditions, vast annual migrations of mammals and birds took place, and, as sometimes happens to this day on existing tundras and steppes, many were overwhelmed, *en masse*, by the raging blizzards and storms of dust. The mammoth discovered in Siberia, that had been held in cold storage for thousands of years, and was so well preserved that dogs and wolves ate eagerly of its flesh, was probably buried in snowdrifts while on a summer visit to the tundra, and subsequently covered with successive layers of sand and snow. Similarly the vast heaps of buffalo skulls and bones which were found in northern Colorado and Wyoming were probably the remains of great herds that the blizzard and drifting snow overwhelmed.

There appear to have been no sharp transitions in climate throughout the long series of epochs which constitute the Pleistocene era, but only slow changes that led up gradually to profound successive revolutions. Since man has lived in Europe throughout the entire period, and possibly longer, and since no marked change in the physical characteristics of the Old World has taken place in historical times, it is clear that the human race has existed for a vast period. As yet, however, geology can give no exact dates, but, before this subject is scrutinized more closely, the author reminds us that prehistoric time is divided into three periods, the ages of stone, bronze, and iron; the elder Palæolithic age lasted down through the Third Interglacial epoch, marked first by the Chellean, then by the Acheulian, and still later by the Mousterian stages of culture; the Fourth Glacial epoch began with the Aurignacian and ended with Magdalenian man, of artistic temperament; thereafter the Azilian race formed a transition that linked the earlier races to Neolithic man. The suppositional gap between the Palæolithic men, who retired with the final retreat of the ice, and the Neolithic inhabitants of Europe, who came in with the forests, probably does not exist.

Deposits in caves and the erosion of river valleys below them show that Palæolithic man was contented with the rudest of shelters for thousands of years; nevertheless, during the Pleistocene, he advanced from a stage when he used only the simplest and crudest flint implements to one in which he had become an artist in the manufacture of tools and weapons, in stone, bone, and ivory, as well as an adept in the art of drawing.

The second or Tyrolian Interglacial epoch was one of the longest and mildest of the entire Pleistocene series; when this genial time had reached its climax the Alpine glaciers were even less extensive than at the present day; Britain was a part of the continent, and was joined to Iceland and Greenland; the Mediterranean consisted of two enclosed seas, with land-bridges to Africa at both Gibraltar and Sicily; the Baltic was also completely enclosed, and the present North Sea was a great river-plain, the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Thames all forming affluents to one mighty stream. Chellean man hunted the elephant and the rhinoceros where to-day the elusive submarine seeks its prey beneath the waves, and the fleeter aeroplane drops bombs from the sky.

The close of the Pleistocene in Europe did not wholly end climatic disturbances; for a long period lesser oscillations continued to occur, like the feebler movements of a pendulum when coming to rest; and there were the same corresponding changes in the fauna and flora, though on a smaller scale. It was during this time that peat-beds were formed in northern Europe; the sea's level was lowered at least one hundred feet, and the rivers cut down their beds through this depth to the new margin of the ocean; while the land area was thus greatly increased, the climate was considerably ameliorated; but again followed a fresh invasion of the sea, though this time the water rose to only forty or fifty feet; then followed its final return to the present level, and the pendulum had come nearly, if not quite, to rest. In short, Geikie describes for northern Europe a Fifth and a Sixth Glacial epoch, alternating with a Fourth and Fifth Interglacial, and considers that they were correlated with changes similar to those recorded by Professors Penck and Brückner for the Alps. Even these milder revolutions in climate could not have taken place in the twinkling of an eye, but must have occupied thousands of years; the peat, a product of this time, now finds a drier atmosphere, and the old beds are suffering from denudation, and are rapidly wasting away.

In conclusion, the author remarks that he has labored to little purpose if it has not been made clear that man's antiquity is very great: "When we consider that he has lived through a succession of stupendous climatic revolutions; that he has seen widely contrasted floras and faunas alternately occupying our Continent—tundras, steppes, and great forests succeeding each other again and again—we must feel convinced that the few thousand years that have elapsed since the downfall of Babylonian, Assyrian, and Egyptian empires are as nothing compared with the long eons that separate the earliest times of history from the apparition of Palæolithic man in Europe."

Those who must have definite dates, where none can be truly given, he would

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refer to the estimates of Dr. Penck, for the reason that they are "based upon a profound knowledge of the geological data, which are best displayed in a mountainous region like the Alps, where all the evidence of glacial and fluviatile erosion and accumulation can be studied more satisfactorily than elsewhere." Penck's figures for the duration of Pleistocene time give a minimum of 620,000 years. Inasmuch as the Chellean stage dates back to at least as far as the middle of this period, it would give us "somewhere between 250,000 and 500,000 years for the antiquity of man in Europe. But if, as recent discoveries would seem to indicate, man was an occupant of our continent during the First Interglacial epoch, if not in still earlier times, we may be compelled greatly to increase our estimate of his antiquity." To continue: "It is not without emotion that we look at the beautiful art-work of the Magdalenian reindeer hunter. And when we remember the conditions under which he lived—exposed to a severe climate and the attacks of many formidable wild beasts, his home a dark cave or rude rock-shelter—we may well be astonished at his attainments as an engraver, a sculptor, and animal painter. With the simplest of tools and appliances, his best efforts rival, if they do not sometimes excel, those of our modern art-schools, and must ever be a marvel to critics who may have nourished the belief that such attainments are only possible in a civilized community.

"When we think of the countless multitudes of unknown nameless folk—of the innumerable generations of primitive peoples passed into oblivion ages before the dawn of the earliest civilizations known to history—we recall the words of the grand old physician of Norwich: 'The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knoweth when was the equinox?'"

An honorarium was recently offered for the preparation and delivery of a lecture on eugenics by a suitable member of the faculty in each of thirty-two American colleges and universities. The donor of the fund hoped in this way to disseminate trustworthy information regarding eugenics among many thousands of young adults. The plan seems to have worked out well, for in the group of scholars procured as lecturers we find the names of professors who rank high in their respective branches and whose opinions on the subject of eugenics could scarcely fail to be interesting and valuable. Twelve of the lectures are reported in full in the volume before us, "Eugenics: Twelve University Lectures" (Dodd, Mead; $2 net). In the series, the subject is presented from several different points of view corresponding to the special fields in which the main work of each lecturer has been done. The first lecture is of a general character and is provided by Professor Davenport, of the Carnegie Institution. Professor Vaughan, of Ann Arbor, discusses "Eugenics from the Point of View of the Physician." The view of the physiologist is described by Professor Howell, of Johns Hopkins. Others deal with the genetic, the ethical, the economic, and the general social view. The last lecture of the series, that by Professor Thorndike, of Columbia University, treats of "Eugenics with Special Reference to Intellect and Character." The volume will be welcomed by readers who wish to know the opinions of this much-discussed subject held by thoughtful men occupying university chairs, especially as newspapers and magazines during the last year or two have given space to many ill-considered and irresponsible pronouncements.

Art

TAPESTRY.

Tapestry Weaving in England, from the Earliest Times to the End of the XVIIIth Century. By W. G. Thompson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This book, with much citation of documents, sums up present knowledge of the history of tapestry weaving in the British Isles. The title, it may be noted, in limiting the subject-matter to England, is technically misleading. There is an instructive chapter, with information drawn from the State papers of Scotland, on the tapestry decorations that figured at Holyrood House when James IV was married. Ireland also comes into the record, for in 1677 Charles II, who had neglected the tapicer's art in England, gave support to a short-lived "Royal Manufactory of Ireland."

The comprehensive story of the Mortlake tapestry enterprise is by far the most interesting and valuable part of Mr. Thompson's work. From the fourteenth century to the beginning of the seventeenth, tapestry weaving, though practiced in England, was carried on for the most part in obscure and isolated shops. The output, although often of good quality, did not compare favorably in quantity or magnificence with the product of Flemish and French looms. Except, indeed, for Mortlake, the history of British tapestry must have been of insular and antiquarian concern. Only under Jacobean and Cromwellian patronage did England for some years witness the making of tapestries that were quite the best of their period. Their excellence, in fact, down to now, so Mr. Thompson believes, has hardly been appreciated by reason of a tendency among critics to depreciate all the arts of the seventeenth century. Because the Mortlake works are more pictorial, less naïve, and decoratively "amusing" than earlier pieces, it has until recently, especially in Great Britain, been "almost impossible to obtain a single word of praise for the masterpieces of our national manufactory. On the Continent these were always regarded with admiration; and now, in England, with the development of a more catholic taste in matters artistic, Mortlake tapestries are beginning to receive the studious and sympathetic appreciation they deserve, were it only for their splendid decorative quality and unrivalled technical achievements."

The narrative of Mortlake starts from a report made to James I that certain horizontal looms—*basse lisse* as opposed to *haute lisse*, and capable of enlarged output at decreased cost—were successful in France. A detailed description of their methods was obtained, and this was submitted to an advisory committee. By these the project was entrusted to Sir Francis Crane, an energetic man, and, by reputation, keen for favorable balances. Two workshops were fitted out at Mortlake, Surrey, and here in 1620 were settled fifty Flemish weavers and their families. An initial set of nine tapestries, for which the King had allowed an appropriation of £2,000, yielded a book profit of more than £1,000, which, however, was reduced by much trouble in collecting the money. Thereafter, with Sir Francis frequently complaining of slowness of payments, the manufactory entered upon a career of great technical success. Crane died in 1636, the royal treasury then owing him about three thousand pounds.

Strife between King and Parliament naturally disturbed Mortlake. Orders from abroad, however, and from the Dutch Congregation of London helped out, and presently, under the Commonwealth, "contrary to the popular impressions of the character of the Roundheads (especially as expressed by the bygone generation), the greatest sympathy was extended to the industry, and attempts were made to revive its prosperity in every way the Council could devise." Ten panels now at Hampton Court, representing The Triumph of Julius Cæsar, after Mantegna, were woven under personal supervision of Sir Gilbert Pickering, a Commonwealth appointee. In technical soundness and pictorial brilliancy they were the best tapestries made at Mortlake.

Charles II took no interest in the manufactory, though prominent statesmen sought to give it commissions. In 1667 important governmental work was placed, and soon after that the weavers did the series depicting incidents of the Dutch War, now at Hampton. The zenith of prosperity had been passed, nevertheless, and the decline could not be stayed. Under succeeding reigns the buildings became ruinous, and the best workmen sought other callings. In 1703 the royal manufacture of tapestry ceased.

Private initiative, nevertheless, kept the art alive under Anne and the first Georges. The celebrated John Vanderbank, tapicer, of Great Queen Street, is commemorated in a Tatler poem urging him to depict "in silk and gold and scenes of Action" the glorious successes of Marlborough's army. Stephen Demay produced excellent tapestries, and the last of the great tapicers before the revival in the nineteenth century, Paul Saunders, of Soho, whose name has lately been rescued from obscurity, was, in handling of soft, low-toned yarns, an indubitable master. The history of William Morris's restoration of the art at Merton Abbey is outside the limits set by Mr. Thompson for his admirable book.

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Drama

"THE LAST LAUGH."

The best thing about Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard's "The Last Laugh," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, is its length. It does not start—or did not—until after 8:30 o'clock, and it is over at a little before 10:30. There are amusing moments in it, and these are relied upon by its authors and its producers to carry it over the barren spaces. Towards the end, it is saved from running down prematurely by being taken bodily in hand by a resourceful character, who gives it a new turn and so postpones the already evident outcome. Its theme is that of the man-monster, Frankenstein, whom it takes a rather long time to pull through his last stage of manufacture, but the audience was patient and was rewarded by several surprises. The laboratory scene, with electrical contrivances going at full speed, doctors in hospital garb, and kindred effects, had a certain impressiveness, and Edward Abeles, as one of the pair of fake Frankensteins, was occasionally diverting, but the scaffolding most of the time was altogether too conspicuous.

D.

Three plays by Maurice Donnay, "Amants," "L'Affranchie," and "Eux," translated by Barrett H. Clark, occupy the latest volume of "The Modern Drama Series" (Mitchell Kennerley), edited by Edwin Björkman. Of the brilliant, if somewhat superficial, cleverness of the first two there can be no question, but the third, a juvenile essay, is in no way remarkable, even as a bit of humorous extravagance. In a prefatory note Mr. Clark cites "Lovers" and "The Free Woman" as conspicuous examples of Donnay's "penetrating insight into human nature." The phrase is not fortunate. That they are exceedingly clever satirical sketches of an almost exclusively French phase of modern society may be readily granted, but as veritable studies of human nature, especially of feminine nature, they are often wholly incredible. The personages act in accordance with theatrical needs, rather than human impulses. Most of them are types which have long been familiar on the French stage, while the atmosphere in which they exist and the adventures in which they figure are entirely artificial, as is the superior dialogue with which most of them are provided. It is difficult to understand how M. Donnay can be included among the realists, except upon the ground that, in dealing with delicate subjects, he leaves very little to the imagination. Notwithstanding the essential veracity of many of his details, and the emotional trials which his heroines undergo or impose upon others, he paints his demi-monde in roseate colors. Over the tragic and baser side of it he throws a veil, or rather he drops the curtain before he reaches it. It is the *facilis descensus* only that he shows. But his artistry is great and his knowledge of one section of the Parisian world, thoroughly expert. Neither his women nor his men are vital, except as special instances of extreme types assembled for a special purpose. The virtues of the plays are literary and technical, and these are sufficient, perhaps, to justify their inclusion among the notable examples of modern drama, but the literary values are scarcely expressed in the present translation, which, however literally exact, does not always reproduce the smoothness, point, and sparkle of the original.

"Plays of the Pioneers" (Harper) contains half a dozen pageant plays by Constance D'Arcy Mackay on American legendary or historical subjects. Their nature may be sufficiently indicated by their titles, "The Pioneers," "The Fountain of Youth," "May-Day," "The Vanishing Race," "The Passing of Hiawatha," and "Dame Greet of Portland Town." They are designed for easy production in more or less rural communities, and may be commended as well suited to their purpose, being intelligently and simply written and offering abundant opportunities for the musical, the processional, and the picturesque, without requiring the costly. The author of these pageant plays has a good notion of the aims and limitations of the type.

Finance

A YEAR AGO.

One year ago, within a few days, the world's financial markets, suddenly realizing what was about to happen, made what hasty preparations they could to bear the brunt of the economic storm. What the financial result would be, the most experienced European financier did not venture to predict. The Stock Exchanges knew what would happen first, and on Friday, July 31, the London institution, quickly followed by that of New York and the rest of the world, abruptly closed its doors. The London bank rate rose to 8 per cent.; it went to 10 next day, and the run on the Bank of England, which was to be averted only by declaration of a series of extra holidays in which no maturing financial obligations could be enforced, followed two days later.

Now that the full twelvemonth has elapsed since the war really began, from the financial markets' point of view, it is in order to ask whether the expectations and apprehensions of those first days have or have not been fulfilled. The question might be answered either yes or no, according to what are assumed to have been the expectations of that time. But it would not be easy to say what actually was expected.

We had, however, very soon after the first brief period of chaotic panic had elapsed, a few very definite predictions. Perhaps they may be thus summed up: Germany would be crippled economically, by the destruction of her foreign commerce; she would soon feel the strain of raising the necessary war loans. England would call in all her capital from abroad. At the first opportunity, all Europe would be throwing its billions of dollars of American securities upon the New York market. Prices on our Stock Exchange would break by twenty, thirty, or fifty points; all of our gold would be drawn away, to London or the Continent. We should suffer the consequences of banking failures in European cities. The prodigious issues of European war loans would drain away the capital of the world, including ours. Our foreign trade would shrink to small dimensions; our commercial and financial prestige would sustain a heavy blow.

Not one of these predictions has in the long run been fulfilled. Whatever the German Admiralty and the German Foreign Office may have inserted in their public statements, with a view to defending the drowning of non-combatants on the seas, Germany has not yet been crippled economically. As yet, it is not easy to prove that the burden of floating three to four billion dollars' worth of war loans has strained her home resources.

England has raised, with still less difficulty, loans running to even more unprecedented totals. She has not called home her foreign-invested capital, except for a few hundred millions in securities gradually sold on the New York market. Instead of a break on the New York Stock Exchange, there is in progress now a second excited "bull movement" in stocks. Instead of losing all our store of gold, the stock of the precious metal in the United States to-day exceeds by more than $100,000,000 that of a year ago, and has this month crossed the $2,000,000,000 mark for the first time in history.

Instead of our having lost financial prestige among nations, London has openly resigned to us, for the period of war, the post of central money market of the world; we are lending to neutrals and belligerents, and exchange on every European market has swung unprecedentedly in our favor. There have been no great banking failures, even in Europe. Our foreign trade, since 1915 began, has risen to the largest recorded volume; but not because of neutral markets.

Such is the curious outcome of a chapter in history and political economy which, considering all the forces involved in it, is new to the world's experience.

A question which now unavoidably arises is whether this wrecking of the predictions of the experts, in the first twelve months of war, may be accepted as a forecast of the trend of events hereafter, while the war continues, or whether what has happened thus far was something due to peculiar and more or less temporary influences, which will not outlast another year. If the war goes on, it still perhaps remains to be fully tested whether Germany can endure a very much longer continuance of the economic strain; whether England can keep up its present scale of expenditure, without a real strain on the money market, and how far the abnormal credit expedients, in use on all the European money markets, will continue to work smoothly.

It is a matter of doubt whether the United States can continue to import gold, on anything like the scale of the past six months. Our grain exports may easily fail to play the extraordinary part performed by them in the past season's export trade. But the office of the world's money centre seems, at least from the present indications, to be ours more surely than it was six months ago. Behind all this stand the even larger problems, what the fortunes of the war itself will be in the coming year, what will be our own

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relations to it, and just what situation would be created here by indefinite prolongation of the conflict, or by the sudden ending of it.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

TRAVEL.

Bell, A. The Spell of the Holy Land. Boston: Page. $2.50 net.

POETRY.

Douglas, M. Manx Song and Maiden Song. London: Erskine MacDonald.
Fleming, W. K. Dreams and Realities. London: Erskine MacDonald.
Gibbs, J. W. Peace Sonnets. Privately printed.
Macartney, C. A. Poems. London: Erskine MacDonald.
Miller, F. Rhymes and Vowlymes. Privately printed.
Moorman, F. W. The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. net.
Symbolic Poems of William Blake. Selected by Frederick E. Pierce. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2 net.

SCIENCE.

Wallick, E. Inexpensive Furnishings in Good Taste. Hearst's International Library Co. $1.25 net.
Wallick, E. The Small House for a Moderate Income. Hearst's International Library Co. $1.50 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Clark, B. H. British and American Drama of To-day. Holt. $1.60 net.
Clifford, Mrs. W. K. A Woman Alone. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Guthrie, W. N. Beyond Disillusion. The Petrus Stuyvesandt Book Guild.

ART.

Farnsworth, E. O. The Art and Ethics of Dress. San Francisco: Paul Elder.
Eyre, J. R. Mona Lisa. Scribner.
Herts, B. R. The Decoration and Furnishing of Apartments. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Richter, G. M. A. Greek, Etruscan and Roman Bronzes. Metropolitan Museum of Art.

JUVENILE.

Cowles, J. D. Our Little Macedonian Cousin of Long Ago. Boston: Page.
Pemberton, M. Christmas Plays for Children. Crowell. $1 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Dyer, F. B., and Brady, M. J. Third Reader. Charles E. Merrill Co. 48 cents net.
Jimperieff, M. Progressive Lessons in English for Foreigners, First Year. Boston: Ginn. 40 cents.
Pedle, J. T. First Principles of Production. Longmans, Green. $1.75 net.

WRITERS OF THE DAY

READY THIS WEEK

ANATOLE FRANCE By W. L. George
H. G. WELLS By J. D. Beresford
ARNOLD BENNETT By F. J. Harvey Darton

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